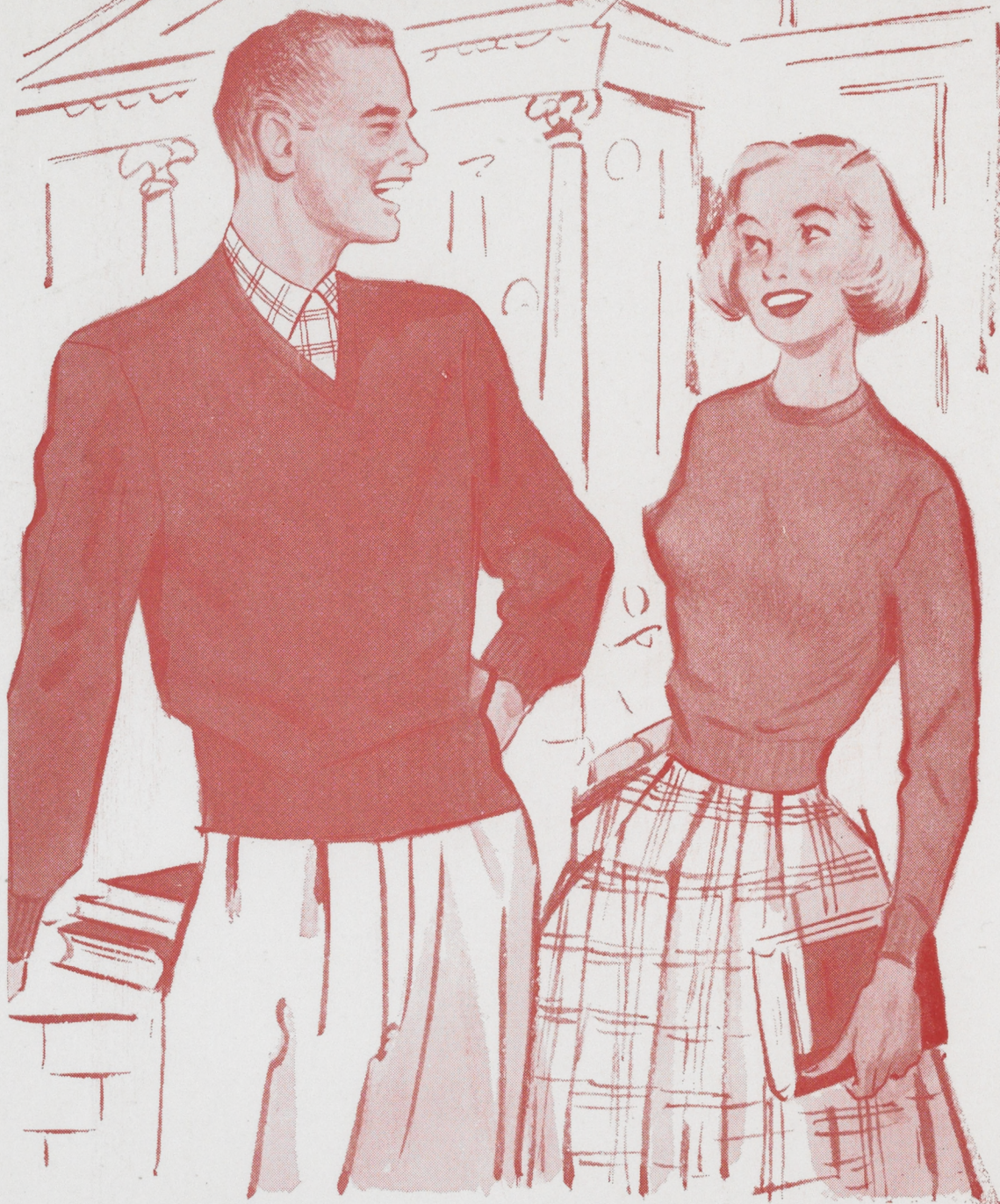


The background of the entire page is a complex, abstract geometric pattern. It consists of numerous overlapping triangles and polygons in two colors: a deep red and a light cream or off-white. The lines forming these shapes are thin and intersect at various angles, creating a dynamic and somewhat chaotic visual field. The overall effect is reminiscent of mid-century modern graphic design or a stylized map.

55-56

United College

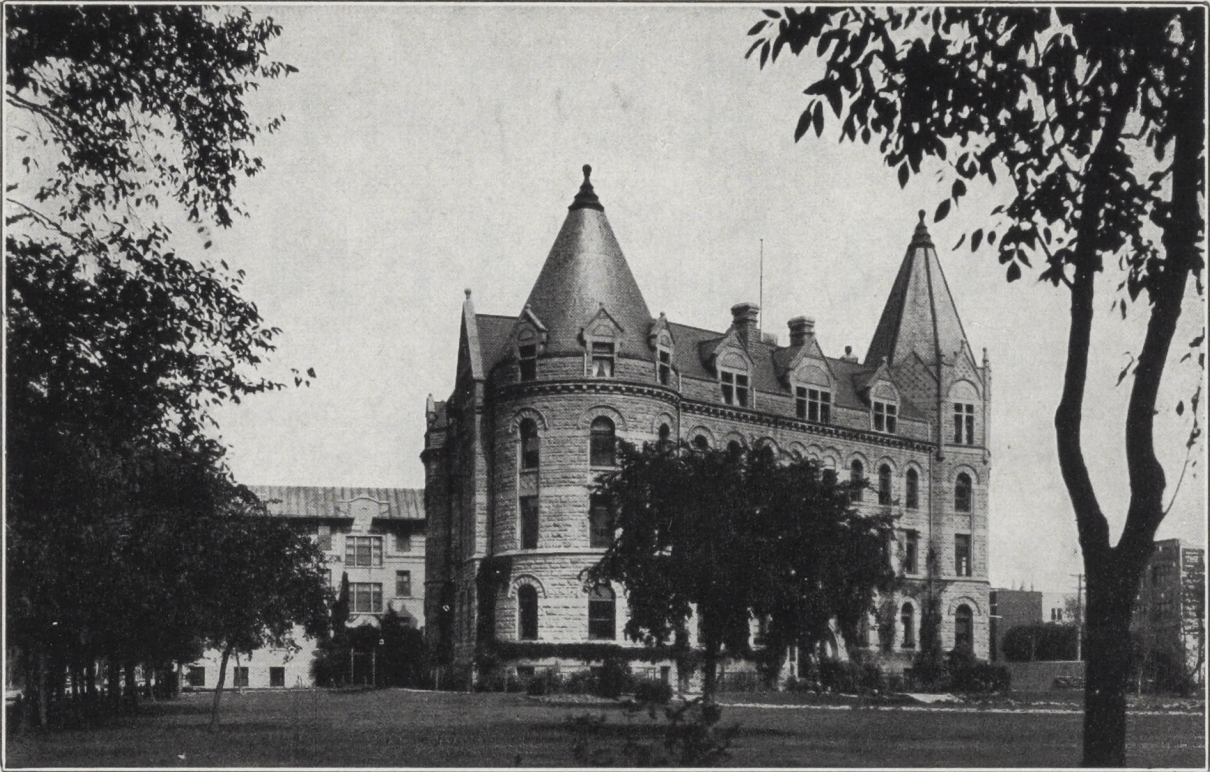
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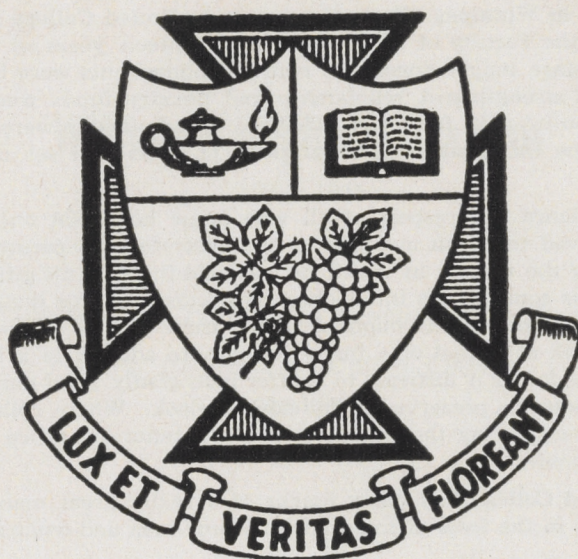
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1955-56

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REVEREND WILLIAM CREIGHTON GRAHAM

By E. G. D. Freeman

Bill Graham and I were students forty-five years ago in the University of Toronto. For about twenty-five years after graduation, we saw nothing of each other. He took various courses in post graduate work at Harvard and other places, taught in the Wesleyan College in Montreal, spent time in archaeological research in Palestine, served in World War I, and was for many years a valuable and highly respected scholar in Oriental Studies and Hebrew in the University of Chicago.

In 1938, we met again here in Winnipeg. Both of us came to United College at the same time, he to serve as Principal and I to lecture in the Faculty of Theology. The seventeen years of his principalship were great years for the College. All mortgage indebtedness was retired, endowments were built up, the student body was doubled, the staff increased and strengthened, scholarship and bursary funds were enlarged, the new Library and Theological Building was built—debt free, high standards of scholarship were consistently maintained, good relationships established with the University, and new bonds of good will set up with the Church and the College constituency generally.

Dr. Graham won the confidence and respect of all who knew him. Not only was he a scholar of international reputation, but he proved to be an outstanding administrator. The personal qualities of the man played an even greater part in creating the respect in which he was held than did his gifts as scholar and administrator—his Christian faith and life, his courage, his intellectual enthusiasm and his unselfish self-giving. He did with thoroughness everything to which he set his hand. I never knew him to deliver a poorly prepared speech, whether it was a five-minute talk at chapel or a forty-five minute address to a learned body. His lectures in Old Testament were superb. He found it difficult to “suffer fools gladly”, and sometimes pinpricks annoyed him greatly, but on any important issue he preserved a judicious outlook. Where college interests were concerned, he never spared himself—not even during the last months of his tenure of office when failing strength and ill health made the going very difficult.

The first Principal of United College had many marks of a really great man. His influence will be long felt, not only in the College, but in the lives of hundreds of young men and women.

JOHN DAVID MURRAY

By Alfred D. Longman

Colleagues, students, and a host of personal friends, were distressed beyond measure on the afternoon of February 24th, when the grievous word came of the passing of Mr. John D. Murray, Assistant Dean and teacher in the Collegiate Department. Impelled by emotions too deep for words, all who knew him sought to express their profound sense of personal and community loss.

Numerous and spontaneous have been the tributes paid to one whose friendship countless men and women have grappled to their souls “with hoops of steel”. Universal and sincere is the recognition that his life, his ideals, and his influence have marked him as the trusted friend and the devoted Christian gentleman.

We honor him for the fine personal qualities which endeared him to students and staff alike, for his great gifts as a teacher who inspired in a host of young men and women a new and vital interest in our rich literary heritage, and for the kindly, patient and sympathetic understanding with which he met all students who seriously sought his advice or help.

All who knew him as an outstanding athlete with a keen and continuing interest in sports, admired him above all for the consistent manner in which he carried his high sense of sportsmanship into every realm of life.

The College will ever remain indebted to him for an incalculable contribution to its life, its growth, its significant traditions, and its impact upon the people and community it serves. As an undergraduate, as Senior Stick, as a graduate, as a teacher, and as an executive officer, he has loyally, and not without personal self-sacrifice, devoted virtually all of his adult life to the United College and its high purposes. May we be worthy of that contribution.

In Memoriam

William Creighton Graham

1887 - 1955

PROFESSOR OF OLD TESTAMENT LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

First Principal of United College

1938 - 1955

John David Murray

1903 - 1956

Student at Wesley College

1921 - 1925

Senior Stick

1924 - 1925

Instructor in English, Collegiate Division

1925 - 1956

Assistant Dean, Collegiate Division

1947 - 1956

Editorial . . .

LAST YEAR when I submitted my application for editorship of *Vox*, I stressed the fact that if I were appointed there would be a radical change in policy. *Vox* began as the creative undergraduate magazine of Wesley College. The quality of the material varied from issue to issue, but nevertheless, for years the constant policy was to maintain *Vox* as the organ of creative thought and expression in the College.

For the past few years the emphasis has been on the activity side of College life. Whether *Vox* is to be a yearbook or not is up to the students to decide. The decision *this* year has been to resuscitate the "old" *Vox* with its emphasis on creativity. It is sincerely hoped that the contents of this issue will prove the validity of this agonizing reappraisal.

R. MARCH, Ed.



Dr. Lockhart's Address

Since this brief message constitutes my first formal appearance on the hallowed pages of *Vox*, I want to use it to express my sincere thanks for the warmth and friendliness of the welcome I have been given at United College and, in particular, for the gracious and kindly manner in which the senior years have received me into the college family. That in such a brief time I should feel as completely at home with you is evidence in itself of your generosity of spirit.

One of the dominant impressions I have gained from college life this year is that as undergraduates you seem to be able to successfully combine an obvious seriousness of purpose with a refreshing enthusiasm for life itself. You are not unaware of the larger goals for living and are beckoned by them. At the same time you give generously of yourselves now as you experience the satisfaction of sharing your life with others in this living community of learning of which you are a part. The hope of any university would be that such seriousness of intent and such zest for life should ever continue within its halls and among all its graduates.

The United College family not only gives evidence of its link with the past through its historic central building, but it suggests promise for the future in its new Library and Theological wing. That the old and the new should be placed in such juxtaposition is not without significance. We cling to the fine and cherished traditions which bind us to Manitoba and Wesley Colleges. Yet we move into a new era in which we hope we may build upon the best from the past as we charter a new and more glorious course.

In this regard I am particularly conscious of the great indebtedness of United College to the late Principal William C. Graham. His memory will long be revered in these halls and among the graduates and friends of this institution. One is humbled and honored to be given the privilege and the responsibility of building upon the labours of such a distinguished scholar and Christian leader.

Vox, it seems to me, has a large part to play, helping the College achieve its truest vocation. It holds us in remembrance to a proud tradition, and at the same time it opens its pages to the fresh and creative effort of each student generation. But perhaps most important of all it helps draw us together in our family life as we pay tribute to the members of one more graduating class. As the years ahead await their contribution in a larger community, may we still remain one in a fellowship where light and truth flourish.

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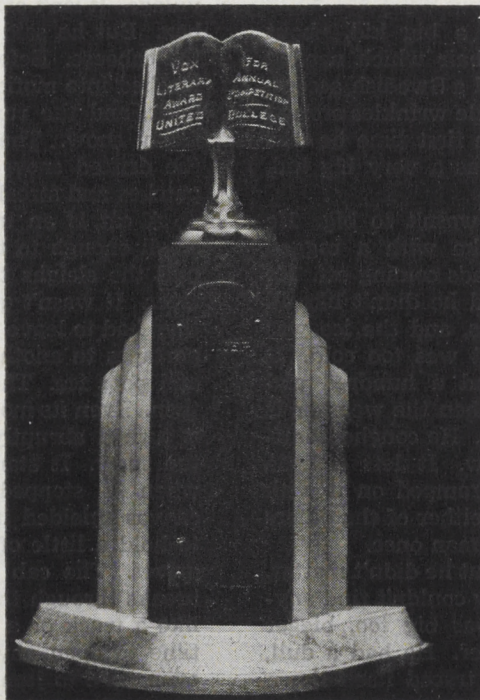
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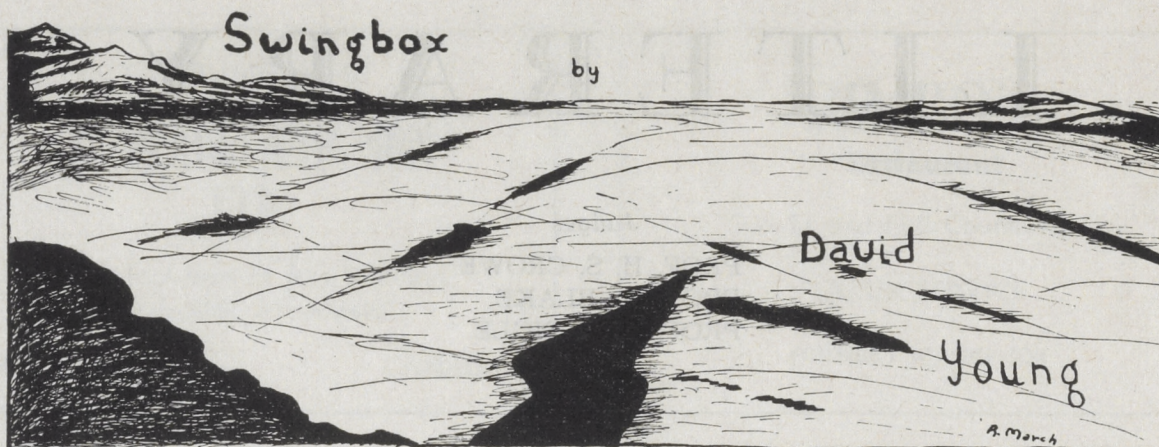
“Asylum”



3rd Prize

Wilda
Reynolds

“Tea Party”



The sun was cold and beautiful on the snow and the red roofs of the buildings. It's always more beautiful back north when it's cold, especially in the mornings. The trading post and the outbuildings had low, flattish gables and white walls. They huddled together in the sparkling sunshine, back a little from the edge of the lake and behind them the trees were dark green, almost black. Smoke curled up from the rusty stove pipes of the native shacks into the blue, frosty air. Even the snow was blue from the shadows of the low sun. Here and there a native padded from one shack to another over the twisting trails of the village.

A tractor train was pulled up in front of one of the buildings. Smoke puffed lazily from its exhaust. There were three sleighs loaded with freight and a caboose behind. They seemed far too big and bulky for the chunky little diesel in front of them. It stood hardly higher than the shoulders of the men beside it. There were two of them, and another came out from the building and joined them.

There was the Kid. He was a big kid, about twenty maybe, with thick blond hair which needed cutting, and when he talked he had a Swedish accent. He was a strong boy with happy little wrinkles around his eyes. He was the boss; for the first time he was in charge of his cat-swing. He was a very big kid, almost a man.

And then there was Joe. He wasn't so big. He wore a filthy, grease-stained parka with a ragged sleeve and moccasins with the beads coming off. He was second man on the swing and he didn't like it. The Kid was too young to be boss, and the ice was more than likely poor. Besides, it was too cold. It was almost always too cold. And a hundred and eighty miles is a long, long way when the weather is cold and you have to ride a tractor. He coughed half-heartedly and spat into the snow. It left a little yellow patch with red dots. He tramped on it with his moccasin and looked to see if either of the others had noticed. He had been a white man once.

And there was the 'Breed too, but he didn't matter. They were taking him because they couldn't find anybody else for third driver. He was big too, bigger than the Kid because he was fatter. He had a dull, sullen face split by a scar which traced itself down

an oily, half-bearded cheek and lost itself under his collar.

His parka hood was down, flapping around his shoulders.

"Put the fire on in the caboose," the Kid said.

The 'Breed nodded his head at the smoke which rose from the chimney. He said nothing. The Kid shrugged. He didn't like the 'Breed and he was a little afraid of him. He didn't understand him. One year of living with them wasn't enough.

"Is everything ready to go, Joe?"

"Yeah, everything's ready. I guess everything's ready to go." He always repeated everything now.

"Let's go then." He hoped that Joe and the 'Breed couldn't see that he was nervous.

The 'Breed watched, his face was expressionless. The Kid climbed into the swingbox, the little open-topped canvas cab on the cat. He would have liked to take the swingbox himself when they left the village. It isn't often that a halfbreed rides the swingbox. But he said nothing and followed Joe back to the caboose. Before they were inside, the last sleigh lurched into motion, the diesel stink of the cat drifted back, and the runners squealed and creaked in the frosty snow. They moved out onto the lake where the drifted snow was blue and marked with black patches and streaks of bare ice.

A cat is an ugly machine. This one was small, small enough to travel on the ice and big enough to pull the sleighs through the snow on the lake or a river. It wasn't quite big enough to pull them when they had to leave the lakes and cross by way of rough portages to another water shed or go around rapids and poor ice. There was never quite enough power then. Even its movements were ugly. When it turned, it turned abruptly with its steel tracks squealing in the snow. It started with a jerk and a heave, and when it stopped, it stopped fast. Grease-stained canvas shielded it from the radiator to the drawbar to hold a little of the heat of the engine around the driver. The cab was open at the top. When a cat breaks through the ice it breaks through quickly, not like a truck or a snowmobile, and the driver has no time to open any doors. And sometimes there isn't even time to jump.

The Kid had driven a swing the winter before. He was smart and he had nerve. He knew some of the dangers and some of the tricks now, and men are scarce in the north. But this was the first time he had bossed a swing himself. It belonged to his cousin at Big River a couple of hundred miles farther south. It was a good outfit, almost new, the best he had ever operated. He whistled above the rattling of the diesel. The snow ahead was clean and unbroken. There was no trail, only the endless, heaving drifts of blue-tinted snow and the shore line that dropped farther away by the hour. He pointed the cat at an island rising out of the whiteness far ahead and relaxed. The ice would be safe for the first few miles.

He wished he didn't have the 'Breed along. Still, he had to have someone, and he knew that Joe wasn't much good any more. For one thing he was afraid of the ice. He took the job because he needed a little money to keep his squaw, the Cree he lived with now, from leaving him. She would likely leave him anyway, the Kid decided; they nearly always did. But still, he had to try. There was still that much white man left. He spat into the snow beside the slow-moving, bumping cat. At least Joe would be easy to handle.

The caboose was six feet wide and ten feet long. There was a little oil stove in the middle and a bunk on one side. On the other side there was a table fixed to the wall, and a bench. The 'Breed was heating a can of beans on top of the stove. Joe was staring downward at the dirty wooden floor and the little pool of water which rolled back and forth with the swaying of the sleigh.

"Long trip, eh Pierre?"

"Uh-Huh." He stirred the beans with a greasy spoon and started to eat.

"You going to take the next shift, Pierre?" His voice was diffident. The 'Breed nodded and went on eating.

Joe was a squaw man, a fool, a white man who got drunk on perfume and shaving lotion like an Indian. It was alright for a 'Breed or an Indian, but not for a white man. If white men did that, they were no good. And there were other things too. The 'Breed didn't bother to answer any more of his questions and after a while he shut up.

Towards noon they crossed a low, sandy point which stretched far out into the lake. The trail across it was good. The Kid geared the cat down and it pulled the full train across. The tracks slipped in the packed snow and kicked up bits of sand and driftwood, but they made it. He laughed aloud. It was almost as though he, and not the cat, had done the job.

"Making good time, Sandy point already," Joe remarked. The 'Breed didn't answer.

"Yessir, making damn good time. Damn good time." He subsided into silence once more and began to cough. After a while the train stopped abruptly. The 'Breed got out and walked to the front.

"We'll have to stop at four o'clock to fuel up. Keep her in fourth gear as much as you can and push

the snow away with the dozer blade if the banks are more than a couple of feet deep. If you need any help call me." The Kid turned to go, then paused. "And don't take any chances on poor ice."

"I drove cat swing before." He scowled. The Kid went back to the caboose, and the swing moved on again.

"Do you think that 'Breed is any good Joe?"

"Well, I don't know." He didn't like the 'Breed either. He was a big shot in the village and he threw his weight around. "Now you take these 'Breeds around here, mostly Crees like him. Some of them is okay, but mostly not. You know what I mean." He stabbed a tobacco-stained thumb in the direction of the cat. "He might be okay, he might not. You can't tell about them. Like I say, you can't tell about them." He didn't often get a chance to talk to a white man like this any more. They disregarded him as though he too, were only a native. And to the Indians he was a white man who was of no more use. He was an outcast—a fact which he had long ago discovered but even now, refused to recognize. He wandered on aimlessly for a few more minutes before he surrendered to silence.

The Kid was eating a cheese sandwich and a can of sardines. Already the caboose smelled of diesel fuel.

"Did you ever see him get into many fights?"

"Sometimes. Yeah, quite a few times. He's a strong one, that's for sure. Just like a moose. I wouldn't want to tangle with him myself. Not me. He's a strong one."

The Kid stared at the floor. He wasn't surprised. Still, he was confident that he could keep the 'Breed in a position where he wouldn't dare get ugly. After all, he was a lot smarter than a 'Breed. He stretched out on the bunk and made a cigarette.

Joe cut a slice from his tobacco plug and watched the Kid. It started then. He tried but he couldn't stop it. He had no choice but to remember.

There had been other Kids like him, not the same one, but still the same type. Any one of those he had known could have been this one. And he had sneered at them. They had been beneath him, rough types, not stupid, but ignorant. He had been pleasant enough then, when he had been forced to meet them. They had even looked up to him, an engineer, a man with his papers. He earned a lot of money and that was what counted for them. But that had been a long time ago. A very long time. The Kid was the boss now.

Darkness had fallen and the snow was beginning to drift down out of the night. It was four o'clock, the swing stopped abruptly. The Kid had been dozing on the bed. As he pulled his parka over his head and tied his moccasins he heard the cat pull along side of the caboose. The 'Breed was coming back for fuel. He went out on the platform. The cat was sitting idle at full throttle and the 'Breed was standing beside it making a cigarette.

"Idle it down!" he yelled over the uneven throb of the engine. The 'Breed apparently didn't hear him;

he went on making his cigarette. The Kid jumped off the sleigh, climbed quickly into the cat and cut the throttle back. The diesel slowed to a steady rattle.

"Don't you know enough to slow it down when you get off?"

The 'Breed looked at him and said nothing. He was beginning to dislike the Kid. He had too much to say, and he gave too many stupid orders. Likely didn't know much either. He fished in his pocket for a match. He had driven cat-swing before, three times now, maybe as much as the Kid.

"Get the funnel."

He brought the funnel which sat between two of the fuel barrels. He was banging the snow out of it with the palm of his hand as he walked back to the cat.

"And clean the snow out of it. We don't want any fuel trouble. Especially with the kind of drivers I've got." He finished in a tone just loud enough for the 'Breed to overhear him.

Joe came out of the shack. He was coughing in the cold air. He called it asthma. He watched the snow sifting down through the headlights of the cat. He didn't want to know that he had T.B. Nothing could be done for it anyway. And he didn't want to leave and go to a hospital. He shivered in the light breeze.

"It's a bad night." No one paid any attention.

"It's not a good night for travelling." He was standing on the sheltered side of the cat. His voice was rough when he raised it over the noise of the motor. "It's a bad night," he repeated.

"Yeah," the Kid said. Actually it was a pretty good night.

"I drive all night for you Joe, you pay me your wages." The 'Breeds voice conveyed nothing. Joe cursed inwardly. Even the 'Breed knew that he was frightened. And it would go on for maybe ten days yet. Maybe even more if they had trouble. He closed his eyes a moment and forgot about it. Maybe something would happen.

"I'll drive it," he said. "Just kind of cold, that's all. And my asthma bothering me." The 'Breed and the Kid paid no attention to him. "Damn miserable thing." Still they paid no attention. He coughed again, self-consciously.

The cat was fueled and greased and back ahead of the train. The Kid and the 'Breed disappeared toward the caboose. The cat bumped into gear and moved out into the snow and the night. Its lights faded out a few yards ahead. There was no trail, only the lake, and somewhere ahead a couple of islands to go between and then a portage. He knew the road well; he had been across it often. The tracks rattled monotonously and the engine drummed and throbbed under the canvas. The little tractor heaved itself over the hard-packed drifts and ridges of the ice and fell heavily on the front of its tracks, jolting and jarring its way along. The cold and the darkness and the snow were everywhere, a blue-black, white-flecked emptiness that moved backward past the lights. The cat seemed not to move ahead at all, but to rest like a cork bobbing on the ripples of snow.

He began to count the hours and minutes until his shift was through. He had long since learned not to live from day to day; it was not enough. He lived now from bellyfull to bellyempty, the same as the natives. Only they weren't alone as he was. And the feeble hatred that had once been so strong and which had grown weaker year by year was directed tonight at the cold, the snow, the cat, and at the 'Breed who knew that he was afraid.

The sleighs swayed through the snow and the miles fell behind. He wished he was back in his cabin with his squaw. She probably despised him the same as the others and she smelled of fish and stale sweat and dirty clothing; he had never been able to get used to that, the smell of her. But at least she was there. The wind shifted until it was almost directly on his face. He sank lower in the seat. He couldn't see so well slouched down. He wondered if the others were asleep in the caboose.

For more than two days they crept along with a steady persistence that ate away at the monotonous distance. It snowed almost continually, and the portages grew heavier and heavier. Cracks and pressure ridges in the ice were covered with a thick shroud so that every hour the chance of breaking through was greater. As Joe faced the endless, meaningless white that spread away on all sides, he could feel only the black, gurgling water underneath. He grew sullen and spoke only when the Kid or the 'Breed asked him a question. The Kid was afraid of losing the swing. And he was never confident with either of the others driving. His sharp words only fanned the growing hatred of the 'Breed.

The Kid chewed him out for letting snow get into the fuel even when it was unavoidable. And if there was nothing to be found for which to blame him, he would invent something. He grew more accustomed to him and at the same time to picking on him. And even then, after so many warnings, the 'Breed refused to slow the motor when he stopped. When the Kid stopped the cat the throttle and the clutch moved together, and the motor died from a throaty roar to an easy rattle even as the tracks stopped moving. It grated on him to hear the uneven roar of an engine running empty at full throttle. It was a small thing to the 'Breed but not to him. And Joe stuck with the Kid and looked down on the 'Breed, even made a fool of him when the Kid was around. But he was afraid of him.

It was on the evening of the third day that the real trouble began. There was a long portage, twelve or thirteen miles through the bush from the end of a chain of lakes across the gravel ridges and the rocks and down into a valley to a river which would eventually lead them to their destination. It had been snowing for two days and with what had fallen earlier more than three feet of it lay soft and loose along the portage, hiding the rocks and stumps.

They reached the shoreline of the lake just as the sun set. The Kid took the cat himself and started across to clear the way with the dozer. He left the sleighs and the caboose behind. There was a little snow falling, small flakes no bigger than a pinhead

driven on a stinging wind from the north west. It took him nearly eight hours to cross the portage and come back. He could hardly climb down from the cab for stiffness, and his teeth were chattering from the bone-piercing wind and cold. It was more than forty below.

The 'Breed took one sleigh and pulled out. It was all that he could manage in the dark along the twisting trail. The Kid had just begun to warm up and doze in the caboose a couple of hours later when he heard the cat coming back. He tried at first to pretend that it was a dream but the clacking tracks and the headlights penciling through the light snow and the wind made it certain. He cursed with a boy's inexperience, repeating the same words several times.

The cat came along side of the caboose and stopped. When the 'Breed came in he was just putting on his parka. The cat was still running, just outside the door. Its throttle was wide open.

"What's wrong?"

"A runner broke." He was sullen and his scar was almost purple from the cold. The frost on his parka hood began to melt; the fur clung wetly to his face.

"How did you do it?"

"Dunno. Maybe a rock I guess."

"Well why the hell don't you idle that thing down!"

The 'Breed looked at him for a few seconds, expressionless, debating what to do. Finally he went out and pushed the throttle in. Joe was making coffee.

"Get your coat on; we're going."

The sleigh was about halfway across the portage. The snow stopped falling before they reached it and the stars had come out from behind the clouds. The exhaust smoke of the cat hung in a blue ribbon where the light of the rear lamp was reflected up from the snowy trail between the pines. There was room for only two in the box, the 'Breed rode on the drawbar and hung on with aching hands. It was the kind of cold that bites through three pairs of mitts. It took them maybe an hour and a half to fix the sleigh. Joe talked on hopelessly. The 'Breed and the Kid were quiet.

They were just about finished when the Kid hit him. It was an accident, the wrench slipped in his hand and the end of it slapped against the 'Breed's nose. It was a heavy blow and in the frost the skin came away with the cold wrench. He stood up, speaking slowly with a heavy accent with his hand against his face.

"Damn stupid Kid, don't know nothing." He lowered his hand as though to put on his mitt, then took a wild open-handed swing at the Kid's head. He missed.

"Try that again and I'll break your greasy neck!"

"Who?"

"Me!" The Kid knew better than to start a fight. He still had a long way to go and whether he won or lost the 'Breed would be ugly. The 'Breed muttered something in Cree and turned away. Joe was still leaning against the sleigh, coughing and spitting. The

'Breed picked up the wrench and began to tighten the bolt. The Kid watched him for a minute.

"Make sure it's tight." He didn't answer.

Afterwards Joe took the swing. The other two walked back down the portage. The snow was not packed enough to make very good walking and it was dark. Neither spoke during the whole walk. When they got back to the caboose there was a skim of ice on the coffee Joe had been making.

With stops and trouble it was early on the morning of the fifth day when they finally hauled the caboose across and prepared to hook the train for the rest of the trip up the river. The 'Breed broke another sleigh runner on the same rock. The Kid knew that it was on purpose but he said nothing. This morning things seemed a little better. He knew it could have been worse. They hadn't upset any sleighs and everything was still in shape. The weather was a little milder. The sun was shining on the trees and the glaring snow. They were at the end of the portage, just getting rigged up to move on when it happened.

The 'Breed was driving the cat. He bunted one of the sleighs up behind the other with the dozer and waited for the Kid to fasten its draw chains, then backed away to push in the next. He left the motor screaming all the time. He bunted in the second sleigh and stopped. The Kid stepped in front of it and bent over to fasten the chains. His parka hood bothered him, he straightened up and pushed the hood back from his face. The 'Breed was fumbling with the gear shift, changing to reverse. The engine was wide open, belching its smoke high into the air. The Kid seemed to notice it as he pushed back his hood. He stood there, looking at the big 'Breed over the top of the sleigh. He had an open face, almost a child's face, and everything showed on it. He was mad now.

"Idle down!" he yelled, but the 'Breed didn't seem to hear, or if he did he didn't let on.

He shouted again. The 'Breed looked up and let out the clutch with a jerk. Reverse is right beside high on the shift lever. It wasn't in reverse. The cat rared ahead. Its tracks kicked back a little snow as it hit the sleigh. Then they both slammed ahead and stopped with a jerk as the frost-coated runners bit into the snow once more. The Kid was between the sleighs. For a second or two he looked surprised, like a boy that has cut his finger on a new knife, and then he passed out.

The 'Breed jumped off the cat and ran ahead to the small space between the sleighs. Joe had been standing beside them when it happened. He moved back to the cat as fast as he could, almost running. He climbed on, brought it around and pushed the second sleigh back. The Kid slumped between them.

His face was twisted and smeared with a trickle of blood. Even then he had stopped breathing. He lay crumpled on the trampled snow between the sleighs. The 'Breed made no move to come closer. Joe knelt beside him but he could see that it was too late.

For a long time there was silence. The cat idled in the background. The 'Breed waited for Joe to speak. Finally he gave up and broke the silence himself.

"He dead I guess?"

Joe nodded; he could remember the Kid just before it happened and the look on his face before he passed out. The 'Breed was big, and there was no white man around any more. He would be the boss now, not Joe.

"It was accident. You saw that. It was accident, eh?" His voice didn't change.

Joe looked up at him. There was no-one to oppose him now, the Kid was gone. It was no use fighting.

He had tried it and failed. Anyway it was too late to fight. And he remembered the white men at the trading post laughing in his face because he was no longer a man in their eyes. He rose slowly and coughed. He leaned against the side of the sleigh and looked at the 'Breed.

"Yeah," he said, "Yeah, it was an accident. These things happen."

Something that approached a smile flickered on the 'Breed's face, then he turned and walked toward the cat.

ASYLUM

BY MARIANNE FORSYTH

*The only difference
Between the patient and the staff
Is the keys.*

*The jangle of a mind insane
The jangle of keys
To lock it away from me.*

*"Hey nurse, can I go out? just for a minute?"
"Not just now Later." In a year or ten years,
Or they will carry you up from the basement
And wash you, and pad you, and ship you out
In a box. You'll get out, later.*

*I lock my brother in.
I am my brother's keeper,
His gaoler.*

*He could not live in this world we made,
So by himself he made another.
He is a strange Thing now,
Different, and frightening.
What could I do but lock him away?*

*I will hide from the judgement
Of my being that he is—
By locking him away.*

*And I would stumble
Through the nightmare he fled from
And hurt myself on the broken edges
And take my soul in the street and fight
To get away from him,*

*Only for this—
It's dark in the nightmare
And empty and without meaning
And I'm not sure where I am
And which way is away.*

Am I over there?

THE TEA PARTY

BY WILDA REYNOLDS

Mrs. Chester-Smythe brought out the Morehouse tea set and her Tree of Cashmir cups and saucers when the Fiskes came to tea. Since there were so few white people in the colony these little social rituals were of supreme importance. It kept the ties still strong with home. All morning while the servants made diamond and crescent-shaped sandwiches, chopped peel for the macaroons and the pound cake (Mrs. Chester-Smythe was famous for her pound cake) and polished the heirloom teaspoons, Mrs. Chester-Smythe wandered in the garden. It was a lovely spot with neat shell-lined paths and roses everywhere, completely surrounding the garden in a wall of fragrance. It was so beautiful that Mr. Chester-Smythe suggested that they have tea in the garden, knowing how his wife loved it.

When the Fiskes arrived they were enchanted. "This is charming, just like home," said Mrs. Fiske as she squeezed a twist of lemon peel into her tea. "A macaroon? Yes, I believe I will."

Mrs. Chester-Smythe smiled pleasantly as she poured out the tea. "It was so hard to get roses to grow in this climate," she said, adding two lumps of sugar to Mr. Fiske's cup. "This is the first year they have been any good at all. We got a new gardener, someone from the hills who seems to have bewitched them into blooming."

Belinda and Caroline, the Chester-Smythe's two rosy young daughters, finished their tea quickly and began teasing Mimi, Mrs. Fiske's pekinese. Sharp barking interrupted the conversation.

"Run along, girls," said Mr. Chester-Smythe indulgently. "You can play by the fountain."

"Such happy children," said Mrs. Fiske, watching them run along the smooth lawn. "Here, Mimi, here darling. Come and have a bite of Mama's macaroon."

"I can't bear to think of them ever growing up and leaving me," said Mrs. Chester-Smythe, sipping

her steaming tea slowly. "It's too bad your Peter couldn't come."

Mrs. Fiske waved her dainty hand in a gesture of annoyance. "Really, I don't know what has happened to that boy since he returned from Cambridge. He's always going up to the hills and worrying around in one of those filthy native quarters."

"Isn't that strange," said Mrs. Chester-Smythe, passing a dish of bon bons to her guests.

"Now girls, don't worry your pretty heads about things like that," said Mr. Fiske. "Peter will be all right as soon as he gets the proper perspective. Here, Sam, try one of my cigars. My brother-in-law is in the importing business and sends them out to me all the time."

"Thanks, George, don't mind if I do," said Mr. Chester-Smythe. "You can't buy anything decent at the local shops."

Too soon the golden afternoon was over, and Peter was honking the horn of the jeep. The Chester-Smythes walked down the path with the Fiskes to the wrought iron gate.

"Oh, dear, Peter's got the rifle with him again," said Mrs. Fiske. "He's always fussing about native uprisings and silly things like that."

"It's been a delightful afternoon," mused Mrs. Chester-Smythe as she and her husband walked back into the garden. The girls came running to meet them, their hands full of roses.

"Why, look at those roses," she cried. "They're all drooping. Do you suppose they have the blight or something?"

Mr. Chester-Smythe glanced at them casually. "Get the gardener to spray them with insecticide tomorrow. We don't want anything to harm the roses."

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THE FABLE OF THE NARWHAL

BY ALEX SPALDING, XII

We had reached the little river
Massive cliffs walled either side
She's a twisting turning river
That in summer drives her tide
Down the barren, rock-strewn tundra
Through the sombre Arctic shore,
Into the ice-gorged Pelly,
Where the "kid-lit" grind and roar.

But how silent and oppressive
Was that misty muffled day!
Where through the bleached surrounding void
Two travellers inched their way.
Beneath the towering canyon heights
A shadow like a pall
Fell on us, and no speck of light
Broke through the canyon wall.

"It was here they say she vanished
That's how the legend speaks."
My guide Tagorngnak muttered
As the frost fell from his cheeks.
" 'Twas long ago and summer
When the Ka-yuk makes his nest
And soars above his eyrie
High on the canyon crest.

His dark eyes held enquiry
As we stood there in the cold.
But I held his gaze and waited
For the story to unfold.
"You know our ancient custom
When a lad and lass are wed
How they're promised to each other
Fore babyhood has fled.

So 't chanced this certain maiden,
When time, its course, had run
Was taken by her hunter
To his land this side of the sun.
But little did she know him
Nor could she guess her fate
His evil ways and stony heart
No warmth could penetrate.

Amongst his kinsmen hunters
He soon aroused distrust
And after violent quarrels
From their commune he was thrust.
Thus lost her eyes their starlight
Thus ceased her heart to sing
A gentle flower too early bloomed
To brave the frost of spring.

Their trouble gained and magnified
His cruelty, her pain.
For as the days passed slowly on
He grew the more insane.
She sent word to her kinsmen
Which told of her distress
In hope that they'd relieve her
And offer her redress.

But his cunning had escaped them
Of their path he kept aside
And among these rocky gorges
He'd found a den to hide.
No kindly word nor loving hand
Could fall upon her now.
All hope was gone and so alone
She made a desperate vow.

Then one dark morn, he left her
To vanish in the fog
Leaving her sole companion
A mangy, half-starved dog.
She shivered crouching slowly
Upon her bundle bed
And stared into the "k'od-lerk" fire
And wished that she were dead.

Her heart was gall and torment
Her mind, a demon tore
As she broke the binding ribband,
Loosed her tresses to the floor.
And in this ebon raiment
She climbed the mountain side
While far below, returning
The madman she espied.

"Where are you going?" he slavered,
"Why don't you come inside?"
"I go to gather 'paung-rai' from the hills"
She quickly lied.
But she forced her pace much faster
And without another look
She reached the highest pinnacle
Which jutted o'er the brook.

"Come back to me" he pleaded
"I shall love you as before"
"You never loved me—ever.
"I shall come to you no more!"
And gazing o'er the water
Down its murky depths of green.
She plunged into the canyon
As some nymph-like fairy queen.

When the misty spray had lifted,
And the foam had melted 'way,
Not a lifeless hulk he visioned
But a form of pearl and gray.
No waving tresses floating
Nor a visage cold and pale,
But a tusk of spirall'd ivory
And a flashing, leaping tail.

The narwhal grew and prospered
And so our fathers say
That this is how he got his tusk,
His coat of dappled gray.
Though many years have seen him play
About his briny grave
He seems to pause and listen yet
For the voice above the wave.

THE PRICE OF A LEMON

BY DEBY MILLER

He closed the front door behind him, tucked his scarf under the lapel of his coat, and hurried quickly down the street. "Ach, such a cold day," thought Mendel. Echoes of an argument rung in his ears, and he could still hear Rachel protesting. "But Mendel, you go to the hospital every day, and always you take a big bag of 'presents' for all those strangers. You are an old man now, and it is time to forget such foolishness."

As she spoke, Mendel's wife made neat, tiny stitches on a piece of white cloth, and as her anger mounted, so did the impetus with which she attacked the task at hand. The needle jabbed her thumb, and a tiny droplet of blood appeared. She winced, and Mendel looked away. Her voice grew gentler, as if understanding had grown from the pain which she had just experienced. Almost pleadingly she added, "You could go on Sunday for a while, but during the week you should stay home and rest. Don't you think that you have already repaid the price of a lemon?"

Mendel did not heed her entreaties. For the hundredth time, (or so it seemed to him) he explained to her that sick-visiting was a "mitzva"—a good deed. When he left, she was still sitting in the same position—cloth in hand, needle poised, looking at the blood-stained cloth. He was sorry he had caused her pain, and the thought occurred, that in all the years they had lived together, he must have hurt Rachel many times.

The air was sharp and the biting wind chilled the very marrow in his bones. The old man shivered, and clutched his paper bag tightly. He thought that in one respect at least, his wife had been right. He was an old man . . . Around him, red-cheeked youngsters playing in the snow were unaware that a little old man had stopped to catch his breath.

Mendel shifted the bag in his arms and walked on. There was a day, he mused, when he too was touched with the bloom of childhood and innocence. He could not recall having played in the snow, nor had there been a shiny sled to be pulled about in. He could remember isolated incidents—the time his mother died, and he was found peering under the sheet that covered the mirror in her bedroom—the time he threw Avrumel, the rich man's son into a mud puddle, because he had flaunted his shiny boots before them—the time they barred the synagogue

doors and prayed that the enemy would get sober quickly—and the "time" on the boat . . . The other incidents, he would sometimes forget, but never the one on the boat . . .

It was such a long time ago! At the time, he was a mere boy of fifteen or sixteen. The ominous threat of "pogrom" was present everywhere. He was going to work in America, and then bring over the family. The anticipated pogrom came more quickly than anyone had expected—and the plan never materialized . . .

The boat was very crowded. Mendel had never seen so many people together at once—and all were so very sick and unhappy. He too had been sick, and in later years he used to joke that sea-sickness had been a god-send—for he could not have afforded to buy food anyway. During the day, he leaned against his knapsack, groaning inwardly. At night, when all were asleep, he allowed himself the pleasure of a hearty moan. With each rock and sway of the boat Mendel had prayed for death to reunite him with his family. But he did not die. In the blackness of the night, a stranger, whose face Mendel never saw, produced a lemon from a large paper bag, and gave it to him. Mendel winced as he sucked the sour fruit, and fell into a deep sleep, clutching bits of rind in his sweating palm. The next day, he felt as good as new again.

. . . There must have been some reason for God to have spared his life—and with a lemon, at that. Mendel knew that he would never be able to repay the debt—the debt of his life. In spite of this, (and perhaps because of it, for he was a stubborn man) Mendel was determined to show his gratitude. Every day he would visit the sick at the hospital, and in their homes—always carrying a big paper bag. He made an odd picture—a little old man with a graying beard, clutching his bag, and panting a little . . .

* * *

He remembered his wife's lamentation. "Such a man, such a man . . . for the price of a lemon!" She had a way of shaking her head that made an angry utterance become almost an endearment. His fingers were numb, his cheeks stinging with the cold, and the bag weighted his arms heavily. He caught his breath, opened the heavy hospital door, and smiled at the heavily-skirted nuns who greeted him familiarly.

STREET SCENE

By BOB MUNSON

Old man dying on raw-new street
Old limbs shook with effort
Blue tinge on wattled throat and
Life ebbs.

Mrs. Fitz-Smith walks down the lane
Her bright new Easter bonnet dripping red
Garish tones of misplaced colour
Bird-like face and
Skinny body
Stop.

"Disgusting. Drunk!"
Mince past, thin nose proud in crisp spring air
Sound of retreating heels on wooden walks
Reverberating sharp there
Gone.

Two elderly ladies starched
And plain in gray and black
Wisps of hats with yellow feathers
En route to Church.
See old hulk prone
And walk to other side of street exchanging
Significant looks and nodding
Parched white heads
Disapprovingly
"Tsk!"

The street is still.

Small boy skips lightly, easily, airily
Over the ditch and across the street
Bending his body low, as he rushes
Bright eyes shining
He stops.
Prods body and
Darts off, all laughter gone.
A crowd of people soon comes round
From nowhere, eager faces trying to
Keep solemn expressions
Appropriate
"Who? Why?"
How.
Vacant faces striving to busy themselves with
Appearances of intelligent interest
Rubbernecking.
"O shame. Poor old soul."
Mrs. Fitz-Smith who
Gives cookies to small boys clucks
Solicitously
And
Soon the crowd disperses, files
Away to Sunday dinners waiting, talking
Several minutes and deploring
Such conditions
Too late.

A PSALM

By MARIANNE FORSYTH

The heavens declare the glory of God,
and the firmament sheweth his handiwork;
The purity of the violet in dew-time is his,
and the ulcers of the scissor-legged parietic;
He formed the perfection of the athlete,
and the twisted defective is of his hand;
The calm blue of birch-locked pools
and the glass wobble of insane eyes praise him;
His are the children of love in their homes,
and the unwanted children in the institution;
Life-will keeping frail bodies in being
and self-created death go in awe of him;
The music of the symphony lauds him,
and mad laughter and inane mutterings.

We set silly standards of success for ourselves,
and in the wisdom of God are mad and sinning;
The distance from first to last is so slight
that perhaps even God cannot measure it.

Let us then praise Him who has saved us,
drawn us from nothing to be His Sons!

Lament for a Lost Airman

By WILDA REYNOLDS

Your silver hawk has vanished from the sky,
And we, your comrades, comb the icy cirrus
And search the deep and thundering cumulus towers,
All in vain.

Flat plains of earth stretch endlessly below
From which we spring, and broken will return
Some day — your day came far too soon;
Primordial earth receives your crumpled form.

To those who break the barriers comes this violent
return,
But is the flight not worth it to the seeker,
When mach-numbers mock the more pedestrian pace
Of plodding earth?

When you sped like a bullet through the canyons of
the clouds,
You broke the final barriers yesterday
And passed into the freedom that is space.



BY DAVID BLOSTEIN

*I saw the Last Supper in King Edward park:
In spickled amber by the elm twigs umbered
Four clumps, sore lambs, unleavened humans
slumbered,*

*A querying flock; all brushed through one rough arc
By Vinci's into Bethlehem's secret son;
Who asked (their one face darked in quivering
shade):*

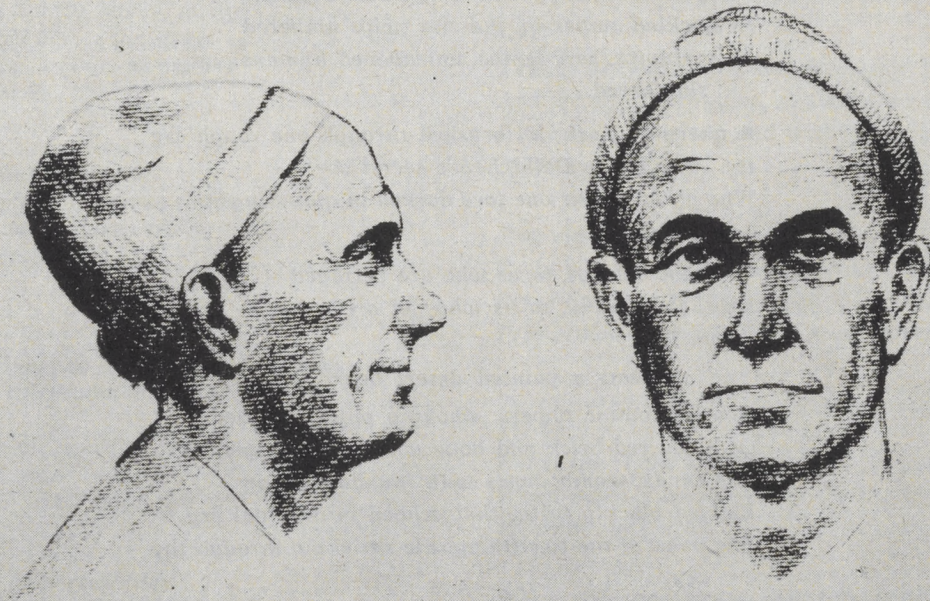
*"He that betrays, to us who are betrayed—
He that is many, to us who yet are one—
Speak."*

*I saw a painted desert bear
Glassed tombic towers; smoking pillars builded
Of blood red brick and bone white marble, yielded
The sands' womb; hosts with inundated roar
Flamed blackly forth; that echoed in one foul cry
The voice of the twelfth apostle shrieking through the
sky.*

First Prize

ART

DAVID BLOSTEIN



The Artist and the Idol

BY PAT SINCLAIR

The King's ball was a huge success. Everyone of any importance was there, the occasion being the unveiling of the King's new portrait. And when the silken curtains were drawn back from the jewel-encrusted frame, all the great of the land stood before it and marvelled at the genius of the young Artist who had captured the King's likeness in canvas.

But the Artist was far too happy to notice their admiration. He had been dancing all evening with the King's daughter and had fallen in love with her. How lightly she danced on her silver-sandalled feet, and how softly the crystal lights turned her cheek to ivory. Her tender body was clasped in fair linens, and passion flowers bound her blue-black hair. Her mouth was a tremulous rose, redder than the pomegranate, and like the flaming convolvulus.

"Will you love me forever?" cried the Artist, "And even when time has furrowed my brow, when I am bent and feeble, and my hand shakes with palsy?"

"Even then will I love you," said the King's daughter, and she plucked a flower from her garland and put it next to his heart.

But the next evening the King's daughter danced with another, and the Artist wandered alone in the palace garden.

"She said she would love me forever," cried the Artist to a sympathetic nightingale. "Surely love is more beautiful than diamonds and more to be desired than emeralds; love burns more brightly than the glowing ruby, and is more alluring than pure amethysts. It is greater than Wisdom and surpasses Truth. But love is gone as the passing of a leaf; therefore I will devote my life to creating 'THE BEAUTY THAT ENDURETH FOREVER'."

And so it came to pass that the young Artist travelled to the furthest corners of the Earth, purchasing the costliest of gems and the most precious and beautiful materials. Then he locked himself

in his studio for so long that the world thought him dead. The nightingale sang no more at his window for he was deaf to her song; nor did the gladsome roses bloom about his windowsill and shake their scarlet petals in the playful breezes, for he was blind to their beauty.

And as he worked he fashioned a beautiful image. The face was that of an Angel and the marvellous body that of Adonis. His own Youth flushed the cold marble cheeks of the statue, and the gold of his hair stained the wonderful head. And when it was done he gave a great cry and fell adoring at the feet of the thing he had made; and as he lay there the Spirit of Death passed over the place.

Now it so happened that day that the King and his followers, who were walking nearby, heard the strange cry, and upon entering the Artist's room beheld a strange sight.

Before them they beheld the statue of a young man of rare and wonderful beauty, and adoringly prostrate at his feet an old man of wrinkled and loathsome visage. And carved upon the marble pedestal was this inscription: "The Beauty That Endureth Forever."

Cries of admiration broke from the painted lips of the fashionable young men of the King's court, for never before had they seen such a dazzling creature.

"Truly, it is beautiful," said the King, "but it has not the expression of true Art. It is not as precise as Science nor as lasting as Knowledge. It has not the depths of Wisdom nor the purity of Truth." And he and his young followers left.

Late that night Robbers crept into the silent rooms and stole the glowing jewels from the statue and made away with the tissue golden robes. And as the years passed by, the body and idol decayed together, for none would bury him who worshipped a foreign God.

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POEMS

BY DEBY MILLER

Petticoat Reverie

It has become the latest style
To have your skirt stand out a mile.
Add bows to underslips, and lace
And they will give you poise and grace.

* * *

I saw the rows of petticoats
Hang stiffly and so feminine
In pink and blue and virgin white.
—And fingered stiffened, ruffled lace
—And closed my eyes and pictured grace
And poise in a petticoat of latest style
That makes your skirt stand out a mile.

* * *

And then my eyes were open wide
Enough to see the lady from Relief
With firm belief
That a reddish-black dress could suffice
And long sleeves would look very nice
On a little girl of five or so,
—But that was fifteen years ago.

* * *

Petticoats—lacy, frothy and light
In pink and blue and virgin white
Have now become the latest style.
They make your skirts stand out — A Mile!

Dribbles and Droodles

ON MY CREATIVITY . . .

A word—a scribble—a dash—and a dot
Maybe it's poetry—but then—maybe it's not . . .

ON POPULARITY IN A CHURCH COLLEGE . . .

Oh! to be a wheel—not a cog
I'll have to become a theolog!

ON POETIC LICENCE . . .

God chastizes
One who plagiarizes,
For He knows this Satan
Isn't really creat'n . . .

ON AN UNNAMED PROFESSOR . . .

Some people think he's intellectually haughty
Others say he's downright snotty.
Of't he raises an eyebrow with utter disdain
And elicits a most familiar refrain
On a topic that vexes
—Such as sex is . . .

Heterodoxy

Christmas,
With oppressive spirit
Of affected love and friendship.

Blaring,
Of "Silent Night"
To a heedless and hurrying people.

Glaring,
Of tinselled Star
And gaudy green, red-ribboned parcels.

Sweet,
Saccharined wishes
On lips and fifteen-cent greeting cards.

Christmas,
With hampers and meaningless platitudes,
Pardon me God—my unorthodox attitudes.

African Benediction

When as a child—I was enfettered,
And knelt to toil, and bowed to serve.
But now—I am become a Man!

The head that bowed for centuries
No longer bows—I hold it high!
I heeded meekly, 'til the fire
Of inward soul inspired me
To waken, rise, protest and call
Your loving God—to damn you all!

Reflections on Brain-Breaking

(With profuse apologies to Ogden Nash)

High marks
are fine.
But look
at mine . . .

Ode — Jo. A Windbag

Like a kettle—sputtering
A student—muttering
This thought to me will bring—
That the little knowledge
One learns at college
Can prove to be a dangerous thing . . .

How to Win Friends and Influence Theologs

BY CAROL PALMER

It's quite an experience, being a woman theolog. It means invading what has been traditionally a man's field, and that always takes a certain amount of audacity.

I first encountered the stern realities of the situation when I entered United College for second year Arts. Now, whether one is male or female, to become a candidate for the ministry means that one must appear for examination before a committee of Presbytery. After I had been greeted with almost embarrassing warmth by the chairman, and after some of the committee members had made polite inquiries as to the location of my mission fields of 1951 and 1952, one of the gentlemen felt it incumbent upon him to inject a serious note into the discussion. Had I really considered the serious nature of what, as a woman, I was about to undertake? Did I realize the difficulties I must face from possibly anti-feminist congregations? Somewhat subdued, I retreated following the brief interview, only to find a dear old gentleman of the committee hurrying after me. I was to pay no attention to the last speaker: he, the dear old gentleman, was sure I would get along very well!

Shortly afterwards came what the theologs call their annual "retreat," which is a day when all those intending to spend their lives in the ministry go out in the country somewhere and indulge in such tomfoolery as soft-ball, rugby, and a theological (in the sense of being participated in by theologs) sing-song, which is like no other sing-song on earth. That particular "retreat" it rained (I can only recall one such occasion when it didn't), but rugby went on just the same. Not being athletic, I stood around watching until someone suggested a game of catch. Three of the likewise rugby-disinclined joined me in an exciting game of catch, using a volley ball. I rubbed aching muscles for days afterwards.

I pass lightly over my Arts days, not because they were uneventful or unimportant, but because there were plenty of other women there. Except in the Greek class! In Greek IA there were three of us, but two decided that one year of Greek was enough. In Greek II, I knew the men of the class so well that I didn't mind being the only woman. One always has to bear in mind that men are, despite occasional evidence to the contrary, human. I didn't even mind when they made a few jokes at my expense. And how did it happen that when it was my turn to translate I found myself reading, "But beware of men . . . "?

One doesn't like to be thought of as a liability in a theological class, but there are times when it is so, nevertheless. It is good to have as a professor a man who tells jokes in class, but it is intriguing, not to say frustrating, to be told that he used to tell

much better jokes when there were no women present.

In order to be a successful woman theolog, it is well to be humble, quiet and inconspicuous. One ought to remember that the men of the class will hardly forgive one the heinous crime of reading a book from one of our book lists. It is even a bit suspect to have essays and assignments done on time. If one commits these grievous errors, one is not really a member of the fellowship.

But please don't take me too seriously! I love being a woman theolog. And when discussion in our classes gets down to the deep things of God and the Christian religion, I don't have to pretend to humility. I know how small and inadequate I am, and I know that I am privileged to be a part of a theological class. Despite the shortcomings and human weaknesses of my classmates, I feel, somehow, that the future of the Church is safe. God can, and will, use such men in the building of His kingdom. I can laugh at them, I can criticize them, I can disagree with them, but underneath it all, I have a good healthy respect for them.

AH, WINNIPEG!

By S. G.

I

*Spring has sprung,
The grass has riz,
I wonder where
My hip-boots is.*

II

*In Winnipeg in summertime
There's lots and lots of weeds
The lawn is filled with dandelions
And dogs of various breeds.
There's dust on all my furniture,
Dust in what I eat.
And Queen Victoria in her chair
Wishes like h— she weren't there
And complains she's beat by heat.*

III

*Autumn in Winnipeg!
Rouse the town crier!
The mayor is roasting
On a leaf-pyre.*

IV

*I think that I shall never see
A winter that appeals to me.
A winter when the busses go
And aren't-stopped-with-the-left-
rear-wheel-stuck-in-a-spoonful-
of-snow.
A winter when the birds don't fly
Followed, in thought, by little I.
Snow is shoveled by fools like thee . . .
MY walk is ten feet under ME.*

Here Today — Gone Tomorrow

BY PAT CLAYTON

Silence pervaded the crowd like the roar of the sea. It was intangible, but it was there. Unconsciously, both as a whole and as individuals, they were aware of its presence. It pressed down upon them as their horrified gaze rose from the grotesque remains of what, a few moments before, had been a living, breathing man, to a slight figure crouched on a ledge eight stories above them.

The woman, perched precariously on a small, jutting piece of masonry, was laughing. The sound of its thin, vaporuous echo wafted down to the crowd gathered below. It chilled them with its emptiness, its utter dearth of human emotion or feeling.

The crowd was spreading rapidly. Half a block was covered with silent, watching humanity. In front of the drugstore directly across the street from the building under surveillance, were three bright spotlights, almost glaring in their intensity. Their faces too, were turned upwards, toward the building.

Suddenly the silence was broken. The police cars had arrived with their sirens in full blast, and an ambulance with white-coated attendants covered up the broken body and quickly removed it from the eyes of the spectators. The firemen had arrived also, and hastily set up what resembled gaping, circus-aerial nets. The watching and the waiting continued unabated.

The object which was the focus of this attention had not stirred during any of these frantic operations which were being executed below her. A light wind was gently rippling the grey, stiffly starched uniform. Her dark straight hair floated in disorder about her shoulders giving her countenance a wild, almost barbaric ferocity. She was not unlike a crude sketch of an ancient cave dweller, squatting before a camp fire. But there was no warm fire before her. Just an abysmal drop of several hundred feet.

With catlike dexterity she suddenly began to move. Slowly, but with sureness, she inched her way further along the ledge. The relentless spotlight fol-

lowed. Then, about twenty feet from the corner edge of the building, she stopped. She stopped directly in front of a window. The room behind the window was in darkness, except for a tiny ray of yellow light which could barely be seen, peeping through the blackness. It was not a stationary light, but one which kept darting from left to right like a snake's forked tongue whipping out for its prey.

A murmur rose from the crowd, and as quickly died again. The woman had not seen the light. All was silent once more. The crowd breathed as one.

She reached backwards with her right hand without taking her eyes off the crowd, and slowly raised the window. Within the room now, there was total darkness. The woman raised her right leg and swung it lightly over the ledge into the room. Then, before drawing in the rest of her body, she paused for a moment and uttered a final, gleeful howl of sneering contempt.

She disappeared from sight. An instant later the room was flooded with light, and angry, animal sounds emanated from it. The struggle was a fierce one, but it ended as suddenly as it had begun, with the room plunged once more into darkness and silence.

Below, the nets were gathered up. No sirens pierced the night air now. The crowd which had so quickly gathered, dispersed with equal haste. They could not leave the now prosaic scene soon enough. It had lost its attraction; its uniqueness.

All was quiet. Silence pervaded the street, but, this time, with a deference. It wasn't the roaring, tense silence of the sea; rather the quiet, peaceful silence of calm waves.

One by one, the streetlights were lit. A light rain had begun to fall—a cool, refreshing rain. Within a half moon of pale light created by one of the lamps, a red blood stain was becoming smaller and smaller as it was bathed in rain. It grew fainter and fainter until it completely vanished from sight, and, from memory.



PUBLIC RELATIONS

BY ROY MACKENZIE

John looked up and groaned inwardly. There she was again. And dressed in one of those barbaric American get-ups with bright colours and completely concealing lines.

She sailed into the cafeteria under the impetus of a breezy "hi" to the President's daughter. Sounding like a St. Bernard with laryngitis she swept between the tables greeting everyone who was anyone, until she landed at the one next to his.

She let out a shriek of laughter, derision and stagecraft, at one of the fellows sitting there.

"Oooooooh, Harry, how do you feel now? You should have seen yourself last night. I've never laughed so hard in all my life. Poor Joyce didn't know what to do."

With this piece of delicious news she subsided into a chair, while Harry, who obviously felt today what he looked like last night, made a painful grimace and attempted to squirm lower in his chair, away from the humorous glances directed at him by everybody within five tables in every direction.

Nothing daunted, our walking, talking AP agent whirled on another defenceless victim.

"Why, Agnes, I hear you didn't make your average? Isn't that a shame. We did so want you in with us. And your mother an alumnus too."

Agnes, of course, could think of nothing she wanted to talk about more, and entered into the conversation with a muttered "yeh".

And so on and on . . . and on, . . . "I hear the Phi Delts are having another weiner roast, I do hope it isn't like the one I was on last year, my best summer dress was simply ruined." . . . "I wonder

who George is taking to the formal next week" . . .

Gradually her associates drifted off with lame excuses about a lab to catch up or a book to read, until finally only one patient soul remained to endure her tirade. Finally he realized he had a class that hour, and ambled off.

Left alone she obviously didn't know exactly what to do. She tried straightening her skirt, but soon ran out of wrinkles to press flat and finally left it with a bored sigh.

She picked a "Manitoban" and glanced over the front page. But each time a boy descended the stairs the paper was quickly forgotten and she prepared herself for his glance, so she could smile sweetly and casually flit a dainty finger at him.

Her eyes roamed over the tables, not a soul she knew. She tried patting her hair, assuming the coy pose so emblematic of superior beauty, with one arm poised and the hand slightly cocked. However, her arm got tired after a short spell of that and she realized no one was watching her anyway.

Having run out of possible stalls, and not even considering reading the book under her arm, she eyed John more closely. He could see her steel herself for the great effort and come towards him.

"Why, John," she started demurely, "I haven't seen you since we were together in high school. What ARE you taking."

He dismissed the fact that she had completely ignored him hundreds of times in the halls, and muttering something about having to catch the next bus, made a bee-line for the door. None of that for him thank you.

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A SERMON

BY DAVID BLOSTEIN

*In the beginning was God.
In the beginning, before atom, before universe,
Before man, before religion, was the Infinite.
And the Infinite begat all.
There can be but one Infinite, unlimited by time, by space,
By mere concept of any kind.
To concept Man has turned in order to comprehend the Infinite.
And through concept Man frustrates himself in this task.*

*In how many different forms and dogmas
Has the Infinite been conceived?
Into how many molds and vises has Man's awe of the Infinite
Been poured, shaped, and squeezed?
How many Gods has Man created for himself?
How could the microscopic organism that is man dare to imagine
That the Infinite, the Prime Existence, is a being
In the shape of a calf, or wolf, or man; or call it He, or She?
Yet Man, throughout his history, has done this, and has further
Endowed the Infinite with qualities of hate, or jealousy, or
Monarchical pride; has, in effect, satisfied himself that
Through humanizing the Prime Existence
He has come to know and become a part of it.
And he has deceived himself.*

*How many elaborate systems have been evolved,
Each designed to reach God in the only correct way, each
System subdividing itself into new systems, and each
New system breaking itself into even
Newer systems, each
Excluding all others from any claim to possession of true belief?
Religion quarrels with religion and sect quarrels with sect,
And concept quarrels with concept, and all
Are man-contrived.*

*All the quarrels of the universes
Cannot shake
The Infinite from its Infinity,
The Prime Existence from its prime existence.
Is God approached only by those who have written that God
Is present in certain articles of food, or those who have
Written that God is not present in them; or by those who
Bare their heads, or those who cover them?*

*The Chassidim tell of the time, long ago,
when Rabbi Isaac Leib Barditzivor was
conducting the services on the Day of
Atonement. In the congregation sat a
shepherd boy; he could neither read nor
write. He could only sit with brimming
soul while he listened to those around him
as they intoned their prayers from their
books. As the joy of the Lord came upon
him, he wept that his lack of words could
keep him from his God. And, placing two
fingers in his mouth he pierced the air
of the synagogue with the sweet clear
whistle with which he would call his sheep.
The congregation rumbled and turned on the
one who dared to disturb the sacred ceremony.*

But Reb Isaac called to them to halt; I feel
in my soul, he said, that of all the prayers
that have been offered today, the prayer of
the shepherd boy alone has reached God.

Man, look at your neighbour.
Is he that sees in the Prime Existence the creator of all,
And therefore loves his neighbour as himself,
And stands in awe of the Infinite,
And names it Manitou,
Not accepted of God?
And is he that sees in the Prime Existence the creator of all,
And therefore loves his neighbour as himself,
And stands in awe of the Infinite,
And names it Allah,
Not accepted of God?
And is he that sees in some Prime Existence the creator of all,
And therefore loves his neighbour as himself,
And stands in awe of the Infinite,
And for that reason thinks himself agnostic,
Not accepted of God?

Not accepted,
Because correct religion bars the way?

Religion was made of man, and God of God.
Religion is system, and system is made of man.
Religion is dogma, and dogma is made of man.
Religion is Zealot, and Scholastic, and Enthusiast,
And Inquisitor,
And God is none of these.
Religion must be a service to its God, and when that is so,
Its humble man-made origin might be forgotten;
But where religion fights religion, as it has and as it does,
God is not there.
Then religion becomes the property of man alone,
And becomes hollow,
The ravings of a tongueless beggar, stopped short in his own mind.
For all the quarrels of the universes
Cannot shake
The Infinite from its Infinity,
The Prime Existence from its prime existence.

Man, look at your God.
There is but one Infinite, and, though clad in different robes
Of time and space and concept, it has been worshipped by humanity
From the beginning of the race.
In a myriad ways it has been worshipped, and if of these
Any is a sole correct way, it is known
Only to the Infinite itself.
Yet how many millions, valuing that knowledge more than its object,
Have ruined and been ruined these many thousand years?

Must the pagans teach us tolerance?
And must we then laugh, and say, All gods are created equal?
Or can we choose between the vanity of sectarianism
And the truth of the Prime Existence,
Throw off the accumulated molds of centuries of Godless bickerings,
Proclaiming one to another:
Hear, O Man,
The Lord is our God;
Yea, the Lord
Is ONE.

FORGET IT

BY LOUISE GOUDY

Searing red lights shone through the rain-spattered windshield and the car hissed through the rain-drenched streets. Lights came from all angles, red, green, brilliant orange; restless lights that blinked and moved with compelling urgency. They looked distorted as they shone through the glass, yet they were real, vibrantly alive.

The girl watched the headlights of the car behind reflected in the mirror, and the blinking lights of the car ahead. The rain beat down. She traced the progress of the drops as they slithered down the windshield. The wipers beat out their rhythm and she tried to find a tune that would fit it. There was none, and as the rhythm grew into a howling crescendo, she reached over desperately and turned off the wiper, then she sat erect in her seat.

The boy beside her, annoyed, looked around.

"What did you do that for?"

"No reason I guess."

"What's the matter with you anyway? You've been acting crazy all night."

"Forget it."

She reached over and turned the wipers on again. A slight irritation continued to grow in the back of her mind pushing out all other thoughts. Something seemed to be constantly eluding her, like the tune for which she was searching but could never find.

She looked over at the neon sign. It was red. She counted to five and then it blinked off and came on again, white. She counted to seven, then it changed to red. Shutting her eyes she counted to herself, red, white, red, white. She opened them. Her timing had been right. The car passed the sign and she counted some more.

"It's white now."

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

"You said something about white. What's white?"
Listen, I didn't say anything. Forget it."

"All I did was ask a question."

"Forget it, I said."

The girl turned her face away from him. She looked around her. The whole view was one of feverish lights flashing into the darkness. The harsh brilliance of colours tore at the blackness of the night, the whole darkness pulsed with life and the air was filled with excitement, electrical in its force. The girl could feel the turbulent lights pulling her, crowding around her, impetuously tearing at her to come, and she longed to run into the rain and to hurl herself into their flashing midst. Yet, she could not move. She could sit there staring only at the lights which seemed to move just ahead of her, taunting her to follow.

She put out her hand to the windshield trying to stop a drop of rain from falling down its course.

She was powerless to stop it. It flowed on the outside of the glass unheedingly, until the cruel surge of the wiper lifted it and hurled it over. She watched the rest of the drops follow the same course, hoping uselessly that one would reach the bottom without being caught up and thrown away. The drops were all movement to her, they danced before her eyes. She could feel the vibrant lights burning into her; she could hear the dull swish of the tires as they cut along the road. She wished she were outside instead of in the car. Out there, she could feel gay and free; she wouldn't feel the brooding sense of sickness, of discontent, that seemed to be burning up her whole being. She longed to run along the street, to feel the rain, to become a part of the swirling mass of colours.

She looked at the boy. "He's sulking," she thought. He's hurt and angry and I can't possibly explain how I feel. I could never explain to him how everything I see makes me feel so light and excited and how I want to shout, but cannot.

As the boy turned to face her she stared straight ahead at the rain-speckled windshield. He fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette, a frown slowly creasing his face. She bent over and pushed in the lighter. When it popped out he took it wordlessly, and he watched the smoke curl up and vanish out of the window. It seemed to be drawn out evenly as if strung on an invisible thread. The girl still sat erect, immovable. He could tell something was bothering her. She had never seemed so remote, so untouchable. She just stared ahead of her as if there were nothing to see. He could hear the rain on the roof, and the sharp sounds, almost like the tearing of fabric, which the car made as it went along the street. He felt warmer just to hear it, and he slumped a little more behind the wheel.

He saw a giant sign with the big word "LOANS". It flashed on and off, once a second. It was huge, it was all movement. He saw it flash off and on and saw how it was in time to the windshield wipers. They both kept the same beat, off, and on, off, and on. The directional signals of the car ahead blinked three times for every click of the windshield wipers. All the sounds connected—all the movements seemed to be a whole.

He watched the smoke from his cigarette slowly curling upwards and drifting around the car, then quickly, he reached over and crushed the butt in the ashtray. He looked at the girl resentfully, wondering all the time how she could sit there so impassively, so impervious to all movement and sound.

The girl turned her back to him and looked out the window with a blank stare. Her hands were clenched tightly together, and her whole body was rigid. As the rain pattered down, she could feel

the tension inside of her growing with each second, and she wanted to scream, to throw open the door, and to hurl herself out into the street.

She put her hand on the handle of the door. She left it there for several seconds, ran it over her forehead and through her hair, then she clenched it tightly with the other. She felt her fingernails biting into the palms of her hands and she wished she could scratch her hands until they bled. She could feel herself being hurled almost through time, powerless to stop her headlong dash, and she became aware of an extreme feeling of panic. Everything she had wanted seemed to be swirling past her in the turbulence and the pure colour of the lights as they too passed. She felt she must escape from this boredom, this discontent, to run, to try to catch all she had lost. The boisterous activity of the lights screeched at her and her body stiffened and grew more tense with suppressed excitement. The dull, senseless rhythm of the wipers drove her on, pushed her, and she realized that at last she had caught up with the elusive lights.

She turned to the boy who was a stranger to her, even after three years.

"Ken, let me out."

"What have I done now?"

"Nothing Ken, just let me out, please."

"Now I'm sure you're crazy—you've just sat staring at nothing all night—what's the matter?"

She could feel the panic creeping up on her again as her whole body urged her to go. The warmth of the car was creeping around her, which made her unable to move. She could feel the excitement and ecstasy of her life all around her, yet she could not move. She shook her head in bewilderment and half shuddered.

"I said, what's the matter. If you're sick I'll take you home. Otherwise I just can't figure you."

She looked at him. He'd never be able to understand—nor could she understand him. She wanted to go, but the warmth seeping through her whole body drifted upwards, binding her completely. Her mind struggled to move but her body was powerless. The lights around her were fading, and the feeling of sickness and heaviness was inside of her again. She could feel the restless, brooding feeling of discontent spreading, and slumped down in her seat. She felt choked—and weary.

The car splashed over to the curb, sending up a jet of water which splattered the pavement.

"Well, do you still want to get out?"

The girl startled, awoke from her reverie. She looked around slowly, her eyes misty and dull.

"No, just forget it."

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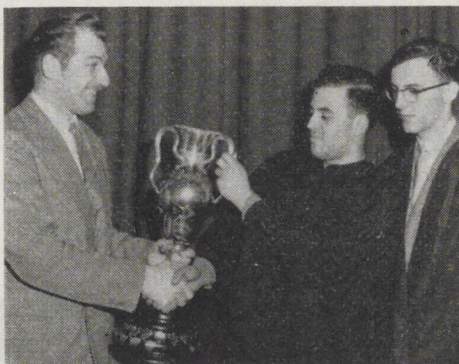
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BACK ROW, 1 to r: Rod Couper, Thom Murray, Gord Swan, Alex Morrison.

FRONT ROW, 1 to r: Duncan McLeod, Bruce Sampson, Jim Walker, Carl Ridd, Gerry Musker.

University Debating Champs



L to R: Harry Beckewich, United College debating chairman, Muni Basman, Norm Silverman.

DEBATING

After a twenty-year absence, the half-century-old Dingwall Trophy returns to United College. The orchids go to Muni Basman and Norm Silverman for their triumph over the agriculture debaters.

That cherished Dingwall Trophy, emblematic of debating supremacy at the University of Manitoba, will for the next year stand amid the rest of our trophies, won in sports and other activities.

The battle for the trophy was a memorable one.

United was forced to assert its position as down-town debating champ by meeting Medicine in a semi-final. The finals were reached and won despite the few obstacles that detained us momentarily.

Harry Beckewich is to be congratulated on the excellent qualities he displayed both administratively and forensically, for without a doubt, the trophy would not be gracing our halls, were it not for some of the 'debating' he did behind the scenes.

Once again, congratulations to Muni and Norman.

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Aerial view of a portion of Winnipeg. From a settlement of some 4,000 pioneers in 1874, Greater Winnipeg has grown to a thriving metropolis of approximately 400,000. The city is Canada's fourth largest, and is the leading industrial and agricultural centre of the three prairie provinces.

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*A group of
First Year
Students*

*A group of
Second Year
Students*



*A group of
Third Year
Students*

FRESHIE WEEK

By PAT WIWCHAR

Freshie Week has come and gone, but the glorious memory of a week packed full of new activities, new surroundings, new acquaintances, and the thrill of being a University student at last, will be remembered forever.

Will I ever forget the morning of September 24th when I climbed up the steps of the bus looking like a refugee from Mars, wearing the latest in top fashion-stripped pajama tops adorned with firemen-red suspenders, an overshoe, a name card and other paraphernalia, and a homemade moustache—all at 6:15 a.m. I was warned that any offender would be under the mercy of the unrelenting senior who was seeking revenge for the similar process he had gone through many years before. Once roll call was called and the little red and white beanies given out, we all rushed to waiting cars, piled in, and away we went to serenade the professors with rousing "Katanas". Then, for our morning exercise we skipped happily down Portage Avenue greeting all the spectators.

I don't think I'll ever forget the startled and amused glances of the clerks as we did the congo through Gramma's Fruit Shop and then sang "Mary Had a Little Lamb" on the escalators all the way up to the seventh floor in the Hudson's Bay Store. Then each one of us was given a grape and had to go into the Paddle Wheel and mingle around the customers—for we couldn't come back till we sold the grape! Much to my amazement, people actually bought the grapes from 1c to 25c. Then our relenting seniors decided we could have some grapes for refreshment. But first we had to kneel down and bark like cocker spaniels, while our generous seniors dropped them into our mouths. Marching backwards to the Legislative Buildings and up the stairs gave us a little walk in which time we could digest our huge repast.

Back again we skipped to old UC. There we had supper and vowed allegiance to our College. It was a stirring ceremony, and I felt as if I was now truly a part of United College. Despite the cold weather, the UC Freshie parade was held and we lustily sang out college songs down Portage Avenue. How some of the students ever had the energy to go to the Guys and Dolls Dance in the Union Building that night, I'll never know.

Wednesday, the WA held a Fashion Show in the UMSU Lounge, where we saw "What to Wear, When". That night the Ames Brothers appeared in a terrific programme at the Pop Concert at the Union Building. Thursday night was the scene of United College's Freshie Reception at the Assiniboine Hotel. The entertainment was tops and Bud Renton's Orchestra was really hep; the friendly atmosphere was sincere and there was a large crowd present.

Friday was declared Help Day and we visited Deer Lodge Hospital, where we mingled with the patients, passing out cookies and candies, and then clustering around the piano to sing the old favourites. It gave everyone a wonderful feeling to know that we were actually helping the veterans spend an enjoyable afternoon.

The Freshie Parade, presenting floats from affiliated colleges and faculties was held Saturday evening. The float from UC sported a Sheik, looking suspiciously like Roy MacKenzie, playing a pipe to a Hindoo Rope that swayed miraculously into the sky. Immediately following the parade, the freshies and seniors went to the formal dance held at the Civic Auditorium to await the crowning of the Freshie Queen. A wonderful end to a hectic but wonderful week. Yea United!

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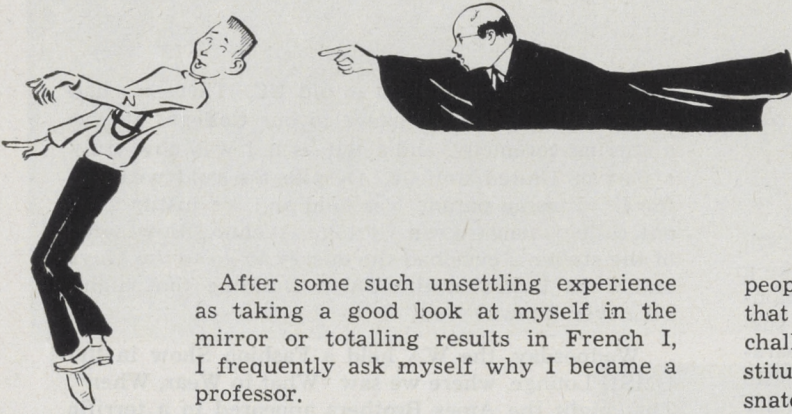
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Trials and Tribulations of a College Professor

BY DR. V. LEATHERS



After some such unsettling experience as taking a good look at myself in the mirror or totalling results in French I, I frequently ask myself why I became a professor.

What with mercantile Philistines choking him with dust as they flash past in their solid gold Cadillacs; oil speculators patronizing him as a monumental dupe for embracing an academic career; administrative officers acting like administrative officers; colleagues making wild statements about his department's methods and results; bright students flaunting their idleness in his face and mortifying him by passing; dull students watering his waistcoat with tears because academic purses cannot be produced from unacademic sows' ears; what with all these peculiar crosses, can we wonder that your professor sometimes regrets that he didn't go home-steading?

After such a catalogue of grievances, the innocent bystander naturally asks: Why then do you remain a professor?

First comes the simple response that even the most introspective professor seldom musters his grievances in such overwhelming array. For, despite Shakespeare, troubles do not usually come in battalions but rather singly.

Then too, a professor is usually a wise enough soul to make not only the irritating comparisons with richer men but, as well, to realize how much better off he is than the majority of his fellows. For sensitive spirits (most professors are sensitive to the point of morbidity) these comparisons do constitute a genuine comfort.

As well the university professor unless he descends to some extravagant form of moral or political turpitude (such as joining the Liberal party) enjoys far more spiritual and intellectual freedom than do a great many citizens. His training should liberate him from many shiboleths which haunt unlettered people; and despite a few contrary examples not much serious witch hunting exists in Canadian universities.

Let me next assure the outsider that there is a vast amount of good fellowship among university

people. Admittedly each of us staunchly believes that his courses indisputably constitute the most challenging and important discipline in the institution. Quite frequently we do consider the snatches of other people's courses heard through open doorways to be singularly boring and inconsequential. But it is equally true that we have many common grounds with our colleagues. How stimulating it is to join two or three other instructors in flagellating some graceless loafer in Second year, or in jubilating over the rehabilitation or sudden awakening of a Senior student! How pleasant to discover a topic of academic significance which laps across two departments and to explore it with a colleague. I also personally enjoy those moments when I can simply listen to a fellow professor and admire his knowledge, his lucidity of expression, his well ordered conclusions, his judicious attitudes. And lastly we professors know something which many students barely begin to grasp. We know that many of our professors are really quite wonderful people to have as friends.

Next among our professor's satisfactions comes the great privilege of dealing with knowledge. Without labouring this banality, I simply assure the enquirer that for the true scholar the pursuit of knowledge holds great delights, a delight which is enhanced by passing some of it on to worthy disciples and especially by inspiring others to join in the endless splendid quest.

Finally there are many professors to whom one of the great rewards of their careers lies in their association with students. The true professor deals with people not things. And although people can be horribly exasperating, they remain the most interesting and valuable of materials. And when (as occurs with professors who really like young folk) these students often become life-long friends, the reward is great indeed. Such involvement sometimes entails disappointment and sorrow, but it also brings satisfaction, pride and comfort.

So the professor, at his occasional moments of inventory, may still feel that, all things considered, even academic life merits another trial.

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Report of the Secretariat

Mr. Chairman, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen:

The fifteenth annual Macalester-United Conference opened most auspiciously with an address by Professor Catlin which had been awaited with much justified anticipation. His statement on Africa in the light of Indian experience was a fitting prelude to the conference discussion on Africa in the light of no experience. However, the secretariat regrets that in the subsequent discussions the delegates did not specifically question Professor Catlin's enthusiasm for the role of the Colonial Office as defender of the natives from the white settlers in Kenya and to suggest that a more significant factor was the role of the War Office as defenders of the whites. In the discussion groups no revolutionary blueprint for Africa from the white uplands of Kenya to the black compounds of the Cape found general favor, although most were prepared to wait for revolution in South Africa. The emphasis was upon compromise, approaching maturity, education, coordinate development, technical advance, partnership and gradual transformation. It was not the light voice of speculative undergraduate enthusiasm, but the heavy, burdened voice of elder statemanship. Delegates were moderate, conservative and cautious—a credit to their parents—if not their professors.

The portion of Africa covered by the conference may be divided into two parts: sub-Saharan and sub-Silverman. Members of the conference did not feel that they had a *legal* right to discuss the second of these.

An uninvited guest at the conference was Mr. John Gunther in the form of his "Inside Africa". Gunther's insides came out in a continuous regurgitation.

Conference discussions on the whole were isolated from the great conflicts which divide the world, although in one of the groups a development which should occasion little surprise was Canadian preoccupation with the danger of Communist infiltration in Africa, while the American delegates, with the conditioned urbanity of post-graduates in the subject, were unmoved by the prospect.

Four major circles around which the conference "hora" was danced were education, exploitation, culture, and self-government. The need for education of Africans was assumed, only the methods of its achievement were the subject of debate. In one group the matter of educating people who do not wish to be educated was overstressed, a problem which engaged the sympathy of the listening faculty. Exploitation of African resources and African labor, while extensively discussed, was inadequately defined. It was generally held that African resources should be developed and generally felt that the initiative for this development

in the immediate future could not come from Africa. In this connection, it was strongly advanced, especially by American delegates, that the extraction of excess profits by foreign exploiters should be prohibited, and some Canadians concluded that this noble sentiment was worthy of more general application. Delegates began with the assumption that there was a western mission to raise African society presumably to western levels and inevitably according to western standards. It appeared to be the consensus of the conference that Africans should be free to evolve any institutions which they desire so long as they are the institutions which *we* desire. There was some intriguing "one-world" speculation about the unity of European and African cultures, from which emerged the spectacle of Frafricans, Afriguese and Boerswazi. Others stressed the undesirability of cultural imperialism, and one Canadian delegate made the thoughtful observation that there was little danger of *Canadian* cultural imperialism.

It did not seem to occur to the conference that the trusteeship version of the white man's burden is essentially a version of white supremacy. Emerging naturally from such an unquestioned hypothesis was a superficial concern with the problem of whether white tyranny was worse than black tyranny for Africans, while, at the same time, in this disarming facade of altruistic innocence the question scarcely arose: "Which is worse for us?" The desirability of self-government as in the Gold Coast and the improbability of its general attainment in the immediate future were twin recurrent themes of the conference. In Nigeria, mother country and natives are moving in the right direction. In Kenya, the British pattern was beleaguered by the settlers and retired colonels of Nairobi. The discussion on this colony was not especially fruitful with the exception of one particularly decisive deduction: that the significance of the Mau Mau seemed to be an indication the British were not doing the right thing. The Rhodesian federation was described as a device to save the colonial office from embarrassment and to thwart the expansionist ideas of South Africa but not as an arrangements likely to transmit self-government into native hands. French colonies did not appear too hopeful. The Belgian Congo appeared dismal. The delegates found Tanganyika impenetrable.

The attitude of the delegates to the frightening race development in the Union of South Africa was a mixture of alarm and hopelessness. Some delegates suggested that the policy of apartheid should be applied by the western nations to South Africa. Professor Catlin's suggestion that South West Africa be given to Germany found little favor as did Mr. Silverman's suggestion that it be given to a Scandi-

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CHAPEL TALK

By PROF. J. BEDFORD

The expression that life is not lived out on the heights, but in the valleys and the byways, is certainly known by us all to be only too true. In fact, life too often seems to sink to the mere humdrum as we toil in mechanical and laboursome fashion through day after day, and week after week. Even in student life we pass most of our time in the valleys, and because of this, perhaps, it is not difficult for discouragement to set in. One may begin

appearance; the bright, shiny attractive covers on the books soon pale before the tedious business of mastering the difficult matter inside — and as the days pass, we find ourselves living with a mass of difficult theories, problems, and ideas. Where are the hills? we ask. Do the mountain peaks exist at all? Whence did the vision flee?

The answer is not that the hills have no existence. But in student life, as in the larger life, it is



University studies with visions of the heights, with dreams of conquest and success and honour — life is a golden stairway of personal growth, crowned at the topmost rung with knowledge and wisdom! This great humanistic conception rests, at some time, in the minds of us all.

It is disappointing, then, to discover that so much of student life must be lived out in the valleys. We shortly find ourselves wallowing in problems of physics, puzzling through difficult syllogisms in logic, and regularly sitting down to the hard labour of composing an essay. In study, therefore, the wood soon disappears from view as the trees make their

necessary that we be reminded of their presence through symbols. There is a purpose to the lamp and the grapes which stand upon our College emblem, to the inscription placed by the door of the Library Building, and, I suggest, to the beautiful window, in its glorious colours, which can be seen from the upper stairway of that building. I wonder how many of you have paused, even for a few minutes, to consider its beauty and to contemplate its meaning? If you have not, I think you ought to. Represented there are some of the great ideas which our heritage has bequeathed to us, in religion and learning. To contemplate these symbols is to catch a glimpse of

the hills, to feel the thrill of knowledge, to experience something of the dignity of learning, to discover, perhaps, that there is a direction to study, and a pattern to life.

Placed in the window, within the upper half of the circle, are the three Christian virtues: Faith, Hope and Charity. To the right of Charity, as that figure looks out upon you, is Faith, pictured in traditional fashion with her staff. One is here reminded of Sir Walter Raleigh's little lyric beginning:

*Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon . . .*¹

To the left of Charity is the figure of Hope — Spes. "That which we do not see, we patiently wait for and expect" runs the Latin inscription beside it. And she is seen there with her anchor. Christian man thus leans upon the staff of faith and is anchored to life's essential pattern by hope. Edmund Spenser, in the First Book of *The Faerie Queen*, has given us a moving and a traditional view of Faith and Hope. The Red Cross Knight, after suffering in the dungeons of spiritual pride and in the cave of despair, after having been rescued from those horrors by heavenly grace and ultimate truth, and now recognizing his own unworthiness as a servant of Christ, is brought by his companion to the House of Holiness in order to be disciplined in the Faith. There he is introduced to two of three beautiful sisters, Faith and Hope:

*She was arraid all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the height,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horreur made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant
mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke that was both signd and seald with
blood,
Wherin darke things were writt, hard to be
understood.*

*Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well:
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister: whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish, in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other
way.*²

But where is Charity? we wonder. Spenser tells us that she is occupied in giving birth to another babe, that is, in performing good works. Shortly after, the Knight does meet Charity:

*She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;*

*Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will;
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their
fill:*

The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

*A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports, that joyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak and
young,
But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorned with gemmes and owches wondrous
fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told;
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.*³

And just as in Spenser Charity is singled out from the three, so in the window is Charity placed at the top of the circle, surrounded by her babes. "Charitas — All who love God are born of God and come to know Him." There is authority for this in Paul, in the well-known passage: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity".⁴ Life is thus crowned with the three Christian virtues, even as learning conducts us to them.

Within the lower half⁵ of the window are placed figures symbolic of different branches of learning. To the right, as the central figure looks out, is placed Contemplative Learning, here represented by Philosophy and History. The inspiring figure of History, gazing out over all past centuries, surveying the rise and fall of civilizations, with the scroll marked *Historia Mundi*, carries with it the appeal which the wisdom of the ages has always possessed for man. To the left stand two other figures, symbolic of Practical Learning, the Arts and Sciences. Here are Painting, Astronomy, Music, Botany — the knowledge which must balance that contained by the other figures. At the bottom of the window is placed a mother with her son; the section is designated, *Humilitas*, and the inscription reads: "He will teach gently His ways". This figure seems somewhat out of place beside the other two. What branch of learning is this? And yet perhaps it does belong here. It stands at the bottom of the window: all knowledge begins in humility, and certainly humility is one of the first things we come to know as students. There is so much to learn, so much to know, and the human memory and power of reason are so weak, so fallible! One recalls that Humility was the first figure met by Redcrosse upon entering the House of Holiness. It is there, too, as an anti-dote to that

1 The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage.

2 1, x, 13, 14.

3 1, x, 30, 31.

4 I Cor., 13:13. It should be noted also that the inscription placed on the outer rim of the upper half of the circle, "Cum autem venerit quod perfectum est evacuabitur quod ex parte est" is a quotation from the Vulgate, I Cor., 13:10.

5 In considering the lower half of the window one enters upon shaky ground, for here the figures seem to be less traditional, and somewhat original with the designer.

pride which one can so easily adopt if one forgets the immensity of the field of knowledge and thinks only of one's few mastered abilities — "a little learning is a dangerous thing". Humility seems to be there, then, precisely because it is *not* a branch of formal learning.

We have left one figure — it stands in the centre of the circle, linking the lower hemisphere to the upper, providing the pathway through learning to a knowledge of the Virtues. The figure is Theology, here wearing the crown, with the dove upon the right shoulder and a stilus in one hand, an open book in the other — Theology, the Queen of the Sciences, the central study to which the scholar aspires to complete his learning. The dove stands as the symbol of peace, as the symbol of the Holy Spirit, as symbolic of the gift of heavenly grace to the souls of men. Our little knowledge of earthly things is thus crowned and given a centre in the study of heavenly things as revealed through Scripture and religious experience. "As the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are My ways exalted above your ways", runs the Latin inscription here. "To the Glory of God and to the advancement of Sound Learning", says the inscription outside the door to the Library. Our learning, then, has its centre, if we but maintain the vision of the end. Perhaps the maintenance of that vision has something to do with the fact that we pause each day to gather in Chapel. The hills are there.

"MacALESTER"

(Continued from page 37)

navian country. The secretariat suggest that it be given to Mr. Silverman.

It was clearly the conclusion of the delegates that if there is not manifest movement in the direction of control over their political, economical and cultural destinies by the African natives, the continent of Africa will be convulsed in violence. To the odd delegate this was not an alarming prospect. It was even heard that: "The tree of freedom should be watered with blood."

In a brief report like this, generalization cannot be avoided, and regrettably the detailed nature of some of the discussions cannot be indicated. In one group there was an excellent discussion of the problem of "tribalism and nationalism", in another of the required impact of industrial development, and in the third, of the unique problems of Mozambique.

No division of delegation against delegation emerged, and no one found occasion to demand the recognition of Red China or the leashing of Mr. Dulles.

In addition to a keener insight into African problems, Canadian delegates, at least, will leave the conference with a more precise understanding of the problem of color and culture in North America.

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on the occasion of his

INDUCTION and INAUGURATION

as

PRINCIPAL

on

OCTOBER 13th, 1955

Young United Church

—

Winnipeg, Manitoba

The combined acts of Induction and Inauguration by church and college in one ceremony tonight suggests the direction our thoughts must take viz. the relation of the church to higher education. It is impossible to deal adequately with a subject so provocative and so complex in the limited time available, but even at the risk of appearing superficial, there are a few observations I feel constrained to make.

The crucial question is brought in focus by those who ask, "Why should the church be in the field of higher education at all? If the church continues to maintain her theological seminaries for the training of her ministry does that not meet her need and satisfy her concerns? Why is not the church content to let the ever expanding and all embracing pattern of state education cover the situation?"

The first and most obvious answer to these questions is — "The church is in the field of higher education because this is her great tradition. She has been the foster-mother of education in Western civilization and under her influence and guidance the universities had their origin and development."

Of course, long before the advent of Christianity, in the ancient Mediterranean and Near Eastern States, formal education had its beginnings. Two living impulses of humanity seem to have given it life.

One was the impulse of the individual human mind to seek yet more and more knowledge; to search where no one before had searched; to push the frontiers of the known ever further.

The other was the impulse of the community to pass on its accumulated heritage of human knowledge and wisdom to its young. This was partly for their enrichment, to place in their hands the keys to a communal treasure house. It was also for the health of society, that, by nurturing them in traditions and values as well as equipping them with knowledge and techniques, they might be trained for the higher functions in the community.

Both these impulses of the human heart and mind were heightened and strengthened by the impact of the Christian faith. Thus, in time, since most of the public schools of Rome were secular or political, Christianity created a new system of education primarily for its own believers. The main object of the new schools, known as Catechetical Schools, was to enable converts to understand the new faith and, if occasion arose, to promulgate it.

From these schools grew the Monastery or Cathedral schools wherein the precious thread of continuity that binds us to the ancient cultures was preserved when the learning of Greece and Rome passed into the gloom of the Dark Ages. The Christian Church converted by degrees the barbarian invaders and through its schools saved learning for Europe and in a sense saved Europe by that learning.

When the darkness of history thins and organizations emerge we find the beginnings of an educational system deeply religious in purpose. The universities as institutions grew out of the system preserved in the Cathedral or Monastic schools and they were

clearly designed to educate men in the christian view of life.

Some of these universities such as Oxford and Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews and Paris owe their inception to the initiative of ecclesiastical authorities. Others like Prague and Vienna, Naples and Heidelberg arose because of the interest in education by the reigning monarch of the state. The outstanding, or to us the all important achievement of the university movement was that the whole enterprise of human learning was held within a Christian framework; the two impulses directing the pursuit of knowledge were placed under the all embracing concept of the destiny of man as set in eternity as well as time.

Let us be deliberately agile and jump from the creation of the ancient university to the Canadian scene. In the growth of this country it should be remembered that the provision of education at the secondary and university level, resulted, in large measure from the efforts of the church. In Eastern Canada, for instance, only three of our present universities had a secular origin. All the others have grown out of the church. What was intended by these foundations is reflected in the words of Samuel Johnston, first president of King's College, forerunner of Columbia University.

He said: "The chief thing that is aimed at in this college is to teach and engage the children to know God in Jesus Christ and to love and serve Him in all sobriety, goodness and righteousness of life, with a perfect heart and a willing mind, and to train them up in all virtuous habits and all such useful knowledge as may render them credible to their families and friends, ornaments to their country and useful to the public weal in their generations."

No one in Winnipeg needs to be reminded of the development here. Once more it was the Christian Church, through the colleges it had created, which first met the need for higher education. These colleges were in turn, to some considerable extent, to provide the initiative for the creation of the University of Manitoba in 1877. At first the newly organized university functioned largely as an examining body and in fact did not become a teaching institution in Arts and Science until the founding of its faculty in 1914.

Now it should be noted as significant that it is here in Manitoba that the founding of universities under the impetus and drive of the church ends. The simple fact is that the westward movement of our civilization has been contemporaneous with the development of responsibility for higher education by secular rather than Christian groups. By the time the West was opened up the State was assuming the major task of founding universities and the church was withdrawing from the field. This represents a development I wish to return to in a moment.

The point I want to emphasize now is that the church is in the field of higher education by virtue of a simple historic fact. She has pioneered this field and because of her concern to keep the lamps of truth alight in the world, her people have, by great

sacrifice sought to extend the confines of learning that men might enter into their rightful inheritance as children of God. It would not only be a sign of base ingratitude, but a tragic revelation of the narrowness of our own vision, if we in this country should ever forget what we as a free people owe to the Christian men and women of yesterday, who in the name of Christ, preserved our inheritance through institutions of higher learning.

But, let us go back for a moment now and ask why the church once actively concerned in this field has in large measure withdrawn. The United Church of Canada now shelters under her wing but three institutions at the university level: Mount Allison at Sackville, Victoria at Toronto and United at Winnipeg. I use the word shelter advisedly because she can hardly be described as maintaining them. Which fact in itself points to one of the obvious reasons for the change in the university pattern. Just as at the elementary level, Protestantism in Canada found it impossible for practical financial reasons to maintain a nation wide system of education which would rest on Christian foundations, and accepted the view that the provision of elementary education was the duty of the state, so also, has the church found it difficult to consider creating and maintaining a nation wide system of higher education.

However, I do not believe that it is primarily for this reason that the church does not have more universities. The change in policy is reflected in what I have already suggested, that the westward movement of our civilization has been contemporaneous with the growth of an entirely different concept of education — the concept of secular education.

The fact that our great provincial universities are increasingly recognized as state institutions means the general acceptance that all education from the elementary to higher should be provided for by the community acting as a social and economic unit.

This separation of responsibility in church and state means that the state is now the recognized ward of education and by virtue of that fact education becomes largely secular. The word secular means simply "bound in time and space" and implies that any relation to a transcendent power or pattern is non-existent.

This pattern of education is something of our own creating and we are all a part of it. However, it should be clear that no system of education can be entirely secular, i.e., bound within time and space when within such a system there are so many fine Christian educators whose own vision and perspective far outreach such narrow confines.

However that may be, let us be frank enough to recognize that by the very divorce of church and state in education we have created a system whose tacit position is secular. But there is no basic reason why a democratic state should seek to remain neutral on the great issues raised by religion. It is not so required. If a nation really desires to preserve its so-called democratic pattern it must preserve the roots from which that democracy springs. These are roots that run deeply into the soil of our Christian

culture and that may only be nurtured and sustained by a positive and dynamic Christian faith.

Why then has the pattern of state education become secular, at least by implication?

The simple truth is that we Christians have discredited ourselves by our bickering and quarrelling and have substantially weakened our claim that the education of our youth should rest on Christian foundations and be set within the framework of the Christian faith. Our differences have been expressed with such bitterness of spirit that we have found it impossible to agree upon a common front in education.

It is no wonder that the general public, and those to whom we have committed the responsibility of the educational policy for our schools and universities are disposed to stay clear of the question of religion and education. They are not anxious to arbitrate the differences among Christians and complicate further their already difficult task.

The second reason for the fact that our system of education is in general form and pattern secular, and the far more basic one, is due to the decided change in the whole philosophy of education.

The philosophy of education upon which the medieval system was built was illustrated by a picture of the Tower of Learning. This usually depicted a small boy beside a matronly figure representing education standing at the foot of a tower. With one hand she is giving him the alphabet and with the other she is unlocking the door of the tower. On the ground floor he is taught grammar and literature; on the first floor arithmetic, logic, and rhetoric; on the second, music, geometry and astronomy; at the top stands theology, the knowledge of God. The ordinary subjects are there. But all is in the end subordinate to the Christian insight.

To illustrate how drastically the concept has changed in our day one has only to examine the contemporary scene. Characteristic of what has happened is reflected in the phrasing of the topic before a forum held at Smith College in Feb. 1953. The topic was "Faith on Trial — The Academic Mind a Challenge to Religion". We get a picture of religion trembling before the academic mind. It would have been just as absurd if they had advertised the topic "Beethoven on Trial before the High School Glee Club" or "Raphael on Trial before the University Art Society" or "Shakespeare on Trial before the College Drama Group". But nobody considers "Religion on Trial before the Academic Mind" as absurd at all, which only reflects how the religious foundations of education have been uprooted and how a secular concept of education now dominates the contemporary scene.

It is too involved a story to endeavour to trace all the factors which have contributed to this changed pattern but it is possible to point to certain mistaken assumptions which have largely contributed to it.

One has been the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. Growing out of the native impulse of the human mind to seek knowledge and yet more knowledge, the very pursuit of knowledge became a

desired goal until the very search itself was so exalted as to create a false god for generations to worship. Thus we have produced a situation in education which is comparable to one we have in art when art has been exalted as "art for art's sake". Art then moves off into the rarefied atmosphere of abstraction unrelated to life, with no other purpose to serve except its own predilection and its own narrow enjoyment.

The phrase "art for art's sake" has about as much wisdom as "spelling for spelling's sake" or "refrigerators for refrigerators' sake". Art is for man's sake just as spelling is for man's sake and refrigerators are also for his sake. "Learning for learning's sake" is in the same category. An individual is an individual before and during and after the period he is involved in the pursuit of a formal education and at no time in that process can he be divorced from his essential being as a person. He does not exist for learnings' sake. He exists because he is a creation of God and learning is for his sake that he may be better equipped to render his rightful service to his creator. When the pursuit of knowledge becomes a goal in itself it cannot help but create a secular pattern of education. Through the idolatry of human knowledge it decries faith and binds itself within the framework of time and space.

A second basic assumption which has contributed to the same end lies at the other extreme. It is the acceptance of the conviction that the pursuit of knowledge is undertaken as a means of economic advancement or social prestige. It is the golden key to power and position and so becomes essentially utilitarian. Knowledge is harnessed in servitude to gain power over nature and over man and in time is debased as an instrument which our raucous age uses in pursuit of the great god success.

Thus it is that the average lay person considers a college education as a good thing if you can afford it. He would like to have his son go to college primarily because he believes it will prepare him for a profession or vocation—a white collar job. The work is easy and the pay is good. He is not interested in the process of liberating the human mind nor is he concerned about the fulfilment of the lofty aims of the educators who cherish the values of a liberal education. His evaluation of the importance of education is one that is measured in dollars and cents.

Similar pressure from a modern industrial society which constantly clamours for technically trained personnel has also heightened this secular emphasis. Under this demand the pattern of higher education has been more and more shaped to one end, viz., the production of highly specialized and trained persons with specific vocational skills. Thus the modern university is in danger of slipping into a servile relationship to a secular culture more concerned to use it as an instrument to promote its goals of material success than to permit it to exist as a centre of learning.

The goal of liberal education always has been, and still is, the creation of wholeness of personality, a maturity of mind and spirit, above and beyond the

cultivation of individual skills. It has sought to see men made whole in both competence and conscience. It is an unfortunate commentary on the plight of a liberal arts education when it is not generally acknowledged as serving any useful purpose in itself but is retained as a preparation to science and professional disciplines.

A third assumption which has contributed to the creation of a secular pattern of education is the claim of being dispassionate and impartial in the quest for truth. In their search for truth scholars desired to lay aside all prior conceptions which might impede their progress. So they exalted what it called the objective mind as they sought to apply the so-called scientific method to all investigation. The motive was good but the results have been disastrous.

This pretence of being totally objective has deluded almost a whole generation into believing that such a dispassionate approach is not only a desirable but an achievable goal. It has created a host of pseudo scholars who have sought a detachment from life which holds all judgment in suspense. They have scorned faith and thought they lived by sheer reason. They have sought to be objective beings who divorced themselves from their existential nature and disavowed the purposes of creation.

Now the simple truth is that no such objectivity is possible in life, not even in the secluded halls of learning. Life itself dictates the necessity that we make prior assumptions. We may, it is true, suspend judgment upon whether there is life on the planet Mars but when tomorrow comes we cannot suspend judgment on whether we treat our neighbours and our colleagues as mechanisms or as persons. We live by some judgment — or in other words, we live by faith.

It is absurd, therefore, for modern education to say that it makes no assumptions, that it has no faith. It is rife with assumptions and a few of them actually bear scrutiny.

Modern education has its doctrine of God even though it pretends to forswear doctrines. It says—"Perhaps God is. Perhaps he is not. Perhaps he is only the reflection of a man's face when he looks in a mirror. Teachers may decide for themselves when Sunday comes; but education, by and large, may safely ignore God or relegate him to casual mention."

That is doctrine. It may propose to be a statement of neutrality but it issues in a virtual denial of religion.

Likewise modern education has its doctrine of Christ. It says, in effect, "Christ may not have lived. There are good grounds for doubt. If he lived he was an heroic life but he is not revelation. After all colleges must move by facts, not assumptions."

Again, whatever else this position may pass for, it is not dispassionate objectivity. It is judgment upon Christ — a negative judgment.

Modern education also has its doctrine of man. It goes something like this: "Man is born free but everywhere finds himself in chains. Therefore set him free; that is the prime task of education. Set him free politically and he will create his own utopia

on earth. Set him free psychologically — his only trouble is his inhibitions, he will become in time a radiant personality. Set him free pedagogically and even while he is still in the kindergarten he will write his own curriculum. Set him free scientifically and he will create a new world. He is indeed an angel in process of liberation. All he needs is facts and more facts and information will become knowledge and knowledge will become wisdom”.

This nonsense is neither dispassionate, objective or neutral. It is a confused but dogmatic affirmation about man which lays a sure and certain foundation for a pattern of secular education. It is a doctrine of man which stands in sharp opposition to the Christian position that man is no angel in process of liberation but a child of God, whose sin and ignorance awaits redemption, redemption through revelation which dispels not only his blindness but overcomes his wilfulness. This cult of objectivity has played a major part in betraying education into an avowedly secular position; a position in which its very silences have been indoctrinating generations of youth in the notion that God does not exist and Christ does not matter.

Now no one of us can stand aside in judgment. We are all part of the age in which these patterns have been produced and thus cannot disassociate ourselves from them. Our universities only reflect in part what our contemporary culture is and the standards and values we have upheld.

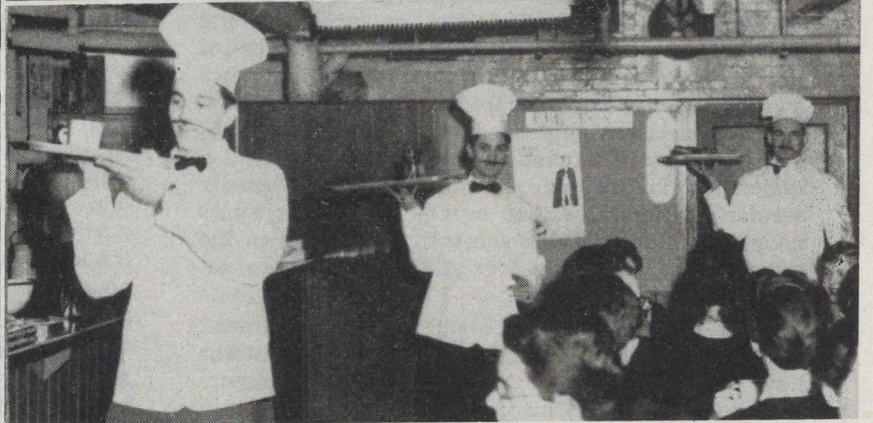
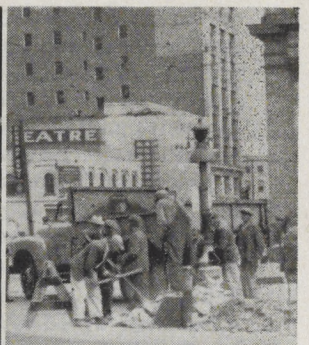
Neither can the church colleges point any finger of accusation at other institutions of higher learning. They, too, have been infused with the secular mind and spirit. But their present justification for existence lies in the fact that they do remain as important centres of influence in the arena of higher education and if they were to fulfil their true function as church colleges, they would become islands of learning on which the beacon lamps of Christian truth might still be kept alight. No one presumes that the church could undertake the task of providing a university system of education for all. That must of necessity be in large measure the responsibility of the state. But we do presume to believe that it is important for the preservation of our culture and our religious inheritance to maintain institutions of higher learning where education is set unashamedly in the framework of Christian truth and the search for truth is related in positive and dynamic terms to a living faith.

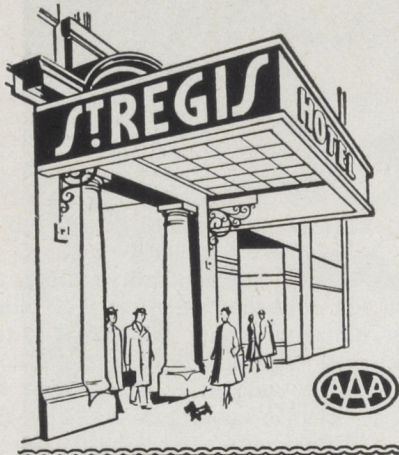
Further we believe that in our generation the existence of church colleges in association with our great provincial universities is in itself one of the best guarantees we have of keeping the national pattern of education from becoming dominated by

an entirely secular position. As the state expands and deepens its interest in higher education, so does the heavy hand of control exercise itself and education at this level becomes more deliberately slanted toward the current social and political system which is tacitly identified with ultimate reality. This process we saw carried out within Nazi Germany and today is easily recognizable in the educational system of the Communist states. Our universities are not set within the framework of a totalitarian state. We are thankful for that and for all that has protected and preserved our heritage of liberty, not least the universities in whose halls the fires of freedom have been nurtured. However, as my predecessor the revered and beloved Dr. Graham once pointed out, “The alarming thing about our present situation is the underlying assumption that the social system which we call democracy, as it functions today provides the norms by which the ends of education are to be determined.” This we can never accept and if our church colleges do no more for this age than to resist such an unworthy goal and objective and lend support to others within the larger university scene who are equally concerned about such an undesirable trend, they will have made a major contribution in their time.

However, the reason for the church's concern and interest in the field of higher education is not a negative one. We do not have universities and colleges as a protest against certain trends in education. We are involved because we have always been involved. Long ago the church conceived it to be part of her commission under Christ to create institutions of higher learning, communities of learners, both students and teachers who were called to put all their activities under one underlying prospective, viz., to set the goal of all their questioning in God. Throughout the entire process, once instituted and continued, the urge to provide enlightenment for the mind came from men who were conscious that man has a soul and that the right and proper end of man was, in John Milton's words, “To know God aright, and out of that knowledge love him; to imitate him and to be like him as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.”

Anything which has happened in the centuries since has only served to show the glory of that vision and the wisdom of that judgment. If we have eyes to behold our present plight, where we have been brought to the verge of atomic suicide because knowledge has been pursued unrelated to man's true destiny in God, then we can only pray that we may make recovery before it is too late. It is to that positive pursuit that the church is committed in the field of higher education.





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JERRY V. MAREK

3rd Prize

PAT DOWNEY

Address to the Graduating Class

By DR. K. W. K. McNAUGHT

Last week in Montreal, the Canadian Ambassador to the United States, gave an address on the subject of Canadian-American relations. I do not propose to examine *that* subject; but in the course of his remarks, Mr. Heeney made an observation which I think raises the whole question of what history should mean to Canadians. He was talking about the fact that in Canadian history the self-centred, self-satisfied, aggressive Uncle Sam is a familiar figure, and how Canadians had developed an attitude critical and even hostile towards things American. Then he remarked that, "the inclinations and prejudices of former days have little relationship to present realities; nor should we allow them to determine our current opinions or behaviour".

It is true, of course, that an ambassador is in a position where he is apt to give great emphasis to the job of pouring oil on troubled waters — his inclinations, particularly if he is a Canadian in Washington, will always be extremely pacific. Nevertheless, Mr. Heeney seems to have expressed a point of view on the subject of history that calls for some examination. In effect, he has turned to history, taken a good look, decided that he does not like what he sees, and concluded that it would be better forgotten.

This is an assumption about the uses of written history which is of quite recent origin — that is, the idea that history had better be forgotten. It differs sharply from the ideas of almost every other period of history. Mr. Heeney is not alone in advising us to ignore our history and make our decisions only on the basis of what we think we see around us at the present moment. He is not alone, because the philosophy of education, which mistakenly parades itself today under the beguiling title of progressive, is based upon this very assumption. In our own schools history has been swallowed up by something called social studies. As far as I can discover the chief purpose of the historical tid-bits which nowadays creep into social studies curricula is to serve as a method of proving that geographical facts have always determined man's condition. In fact I am surprised that there has been no cry from the Roman church that the entire program of social studies is heretical on the ground that it denies man's free will.

Whether or not progressive education is more the product than the molder of our society, its attitudes remain typical of that society. The basis of our judgment in political and social matters is, increasingly, the present day. This of course implies a vast egocentricity; and perhaps it is true that few ages of man display with such coarse abandon as do we the belief that the particular age is the very apex of human achievement. Just as our age has

seen the triumph of many of Condorcet's educational ideas (in perverted form), so we appear to believe that our age itself is proof that Condorcet's belief in human perfectibility was well-founded. We are, as any Kiwanian will tell you, present-minded, forward-looking; and all this is 'real business-wise'; We know where we're going; but as we come to be ever more sure about ourselves, we tend to forget where we've been.

This has not always been the case. Indeed it used to be popular for newspapers and public men to use the appeal to history so often that many clichés grew out of the habit: "all history proves", "history demonstrates", "history repeats itself", or even "if history is taken as our guide". Today we tend rather to hear the cry, "let's look at the record" (the word history itself seems passé). The record usually means that ancient history of the political mistakes of the past two or three years.

If we return to the question "What should history mean to Canadians", I think we will have to produce several answers. I've already suggested that the trend today is an anti-historical one. But there will always remain people who treasure a more distinguished tradition than that of the modern school of measurement-maniacs. There remain Canadians who know that true history is close to epic poetry in its function—who recognize that no series of statistics could measure the meaning of the motto of the Province of Quebec: *Je me souviens*. There remain Canadians who know that if Canadian history be measured in terms of statistics, it *can* be made to appear insignificant alongside that of the American goliath. But these will recognize that to read the story of the Jesuit Relations, or the series of decisions which Canadians have made to remain independent of the American octopus, is to read something much more meaningful than twenty volumes of figures on current hydroelectric power production or mineral potential. These will recognize that Canada is not only what she appears materially to be today, she is the sum total of her historical experience. Some few Canadians may be expected to see the same kind of meaning in history that has been seen by every great historian since Herodotus. It was, indeed no accident that the father of history himself was not less than a poet; and in his account of the Persian Wars Herodotus gave a very good and sufficient definition of the meaning of history: "These," he wrote, "are the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus which he publishes in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done, and of preventing the great and wonderful actions of the Greeks and Barbarians from losing

their due meed of glory, and withal to put on record what have been their grounds of feud”.

To put on record the grounds of feud, of course, runs directly counter to the suggestion that we should forget the past, or at most, see in it only a mealy-mouthed collection of platitudes about unguarded frontiers. But in case someone alleges that Herodotus was too much the romantic and unmethodical historian, let us refer also to the other side of the coin of Greek historical genius. Thucydides certainly believed it to be the historian's duty to reject myth and discard romance. He had nonetheless an epic quality, and stated very clearly his idea about the meaning of history when he wrote: “The absence of everything mythical from my work perhaps will make it less agreeable to those who hear it read. I shall be contented, however, if it appears useful to those who wish to have a clear idea of the past *and hence of the conditions and events which according to the course of human affairs, will be repeated.*” Do we agree with Thucydides, or cast him aside, as Mr. Heeney would have us do? If the conditions and events of the past are to be repeated it is surely unwise to judge only by the present.

I have, above, appeared to sneer at some of the ideas of Condorcet; but I took care to say that those ideas have been, in the educational field, considerably perverted by our progressivists — and certainly Condorcet would never have recognized John Dewey or his latter day saints. Furthermore, if Condorcet and his followers did entertain the rather odd idea of human perfectibility, they also belonged to an age which was, perhaps, more conscious of history and of historical writing than any which preceded or followed it. In essence what the founders of the modern idea of social studies have done has been to take one of the central ideas out of the philosophy of the great Italian historian of the enlightenment — Vico. That idea is that every phase of culture is related to every other phase (and this has produced the grab-bag of social studies). But our moderns seem to have forgotten the other great idea of the founder of modern historiography — the concept of “the collective mind as the creator of an ever-moving civilization.” This concept assumes the principle of the continuity of evolution, which in turn is understandable *only* in terms of the past.

But we can turn to a more conservative source for a further comment upon the meaning and use of history — Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, who has been incorrectly credited in numerous places with being author of the remark that “history is philosophy teaching by example”. In his *Letters on the Study and Use of History*, Bolingbroke wrote: “Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it should be made the principal, much less the sole object of their application. The true and proper object of this application is a constant improvement in public and private virtue . . . the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.” One of Bolingbroke's chief arguments is that only history provides the examples by which

to illumine and make comprehensible the abstract propositions of philosophy. But he goes still further and propounds an argument which would make Mr. Heeney tremble. He writes “But this is not the only advantage of instruction by example; for example appeals not to our understanding alone, but to our passions likewise. Example assuages these, or animates them; sets passion on the side of judgment, and makes the whole man of a piece; which is more than the strongest reasoning and the strongest demonstration can do”.

I have been arguing that to minimize the past, and to base all judgment upon strictly contemporary factors, is wrong. This does not mean, of course that history itself should be written only as a mentor for the present. Many historians, it is true, have been accused of doing this. Perhaps the greatest example of this fallacy is to be found in Macaulay who wrote history almost entirely for the purpose of justifying the policies of the Whig party in England. Of Macaulay, another great historian, S. R. Gardiner wrote: “The way in which Macaulay . . . regarded the past — that is to say, the constant avowed or unavowed comparison of it with the present — is altogether destructive of real historical knowledge.” Of all the people who might have made this rather devastating criticism of Macaulay, Gardiner is perhaps on the safest ground; for the man who certainly knew more and wrote more about early Stuart and Puritan England, than anyone before or since, knew also that to understand the present, one must know the past and that to know the past one must forget the present.

With Gardiner, then, we reach a point that is totally antithetical to the position adopted by the advocates of progressive education today. Not only is it necessary to understand the past in order to understand the present, but the past itself becomes almost more important than the present. How one would fear to go before a department of education today and set forth that assumption. And yet it is an assumption that seems almost to be translated into policy in Quebec, and which is a basic assumption for the real understanding of history.

Who then is right — and what are the implications for the graduates of a Canadian prairie college?

I hope that the liberal arts education to which many of you have been subjected will make the answer clear and unqualified. You do not have to have sold your souls to Edmund Burke to know that your society, like any other, is essentially organic. You have merely to have studied the history and literature of that society. And if, when you have begun that study you fail to see the grandeur of its distant past in the United Kingdom and Europe, or the promise of its more recent past in North America, you will not have experienced a liberal education. If, when you enter the next phase of your lives, you do not wish to criticize the assumption that all past opinions are prejudices and that only the present can judge aright — you will not possess a liberal education.

I suggest that you will be able to rejoice legitimately in your education only if you go out from the College fighting mad at the atmosphere of placid expediency which will surround you; only if you go out eager to recapture for your country something of the dreams upon which it was built; and only if you have the discernment to recognize in those dreams what was of real worth and what was dross.

I want to close by reference to a statement which I came across the other day as a heading to one of the chapters of Sir Osbert Sitwell's magnificent autobiography. I like the statement because it seems to

me to capture in one sentence the essence both of liberalism and democracy — and it is the combination of these two which is our particular heritage.

The quotation is from Thomas Traherne's *Centuries of Meditation*:

"You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are everyone sole heirs as well as you . . ."

May you all be "sole heirs".

Valedictory Address

BY AL REIMER

Dr. Lockhart, honored guests, fellow-graduates:

To be chosen valedictorian for the Class of '56 is an honor for which I am deeply grateful. I also take pride in the fact that this is the first time that Dr. Lockhart, our new principal, is presiding over a United College Grads Farewell banquet.

To say a formal word of farewell in a new and interesting manner presents a difficult problem. I make no claim to having solved the problem, but I have tried to avoid the rhetorical excesses that are sometimes heard in addresses of this kind. You will not, for example, hear me telling you that we are all standing on the threshold—poised to leap. Since I expect to continue my studies at United, I am—like some of you—a member of this graduating class only in a formal sense. Experience has taught me that the kind of threshold valedictorians talk about can be very treacherous indeed.

When I graduated from high school I leaped across the threshold with uncalculated haste. On the whole I found the experience rather unnerving, until it occurred to me that perhaps my preparation for the outside world had been inadequate. I finally decided to give myself another chance and so I entered United College. I am not sure now that I ever want to cross the threshold again. Except for brief excursions to the outside world, I intend to remain on the academic side of the threshold—even if that may mean ultimately relinquishing the comfortable role of student for the less comfortable role of teacher. But I know that not all of you will want to become teachers, and so I do not hesitate to adopt your feelings as my own upon this memorable occasion.

I think it safe to say that the Class of '56 has made a contribution to the life of United College that does not fall too far short of the standards set by the student generations which have gone before us. The

sheer lust for life which is a characteristic of undergraduates everywhere is certainly not lacking in us. We have bitten into the problems of philosophy, history and literature with a commendable intellectual zest. And if we have bitten off more than we could chew at times, we have always had sympathetic professors standing by to ease any feeling of discomfort.

We have sharpened our dialectics over innumerable cups of coffee down in Tony's. We have not, like T. S. Eliot's Prufrock, been afraid to "squeeze the universe into a ball and roll it toward some overwhelming question". Prufrock's trouble is that he has grown weary of life; he has lost even that spontaneity of decision required to eat a peach or part his hair behind. Now one of the nice things about being an undergraduate is that one does dare to eat a peach or part one's hair behind if one feels like it. It is the normal way for undergraduates to be, and we can say that we have not been deficient in this respect.

But now the time has come for us to make bigger decisions, for not even the young and the daring can arrest the inexorable rhythm of life. As someone (I think it was a woman) has wisely said: There is a rhythm of life even for the intellectuals. For most of us that rhythm will shortly become more insistent, more unrelenting than hitherto. Nor will that prospect cause us much distress; we are mature enough to realize that every period of preparation must have its proper limits. The artificial little society we have created for ourselves within the College—that little society with its well-defined hierarchies of personalities and values—must now be dissolved in favor of that larger society whose rules are even more complicated and inflexible than those to which we have become accustomed. But tonight, while our little society is still intact, I would like to remind you of

some of the educational advantages that have been ours as students at a liberal arts college like United.

I know that many members of this graduating class would find it difficult to say why they chose United College as their alma mater. The reason may have been as casual as the convenience of the College's downtown location; or possibly, the prospect of attending a small college seemed less bewildering than that of a large university. It may have been merely the influence of a friend that was the deciding factor. But your reasons for selecting United—no matter how trivial or vague—do not really matter. I am concerned here only with what happened to you after you started college.

The freshman at a small college soon learns that his life there must inevitably develop into a complex of highly personal relationships between himself and his fellow student and—to a lesser extent—between himself and his professors. Even should he desire it, he is not likely to find the kind of anonymity that a great state university, by virtue of its very size, can provide. Every serious-minded young person who attends United will soon be impressed by the fact that he or she must develop a responsible attitude towards a close-knit society held together under the considerable pressure developed in the course of a short, concentrated academic session. For the student to hold himself aloof from any recognized aspect of college life is to deprive himself of one of the important advantages offered by the College.

But important as the lesson in cooperation has been for us, the lesson in tolerance has been even more important. The policies of United College are based on firm Christian principles. It is, therefore, one of the glories of this College that it can attract young men and women of widely differing social and religious backgrounds and inspire in them a loyalty and a feeling of fraternity that cuts across all creeds and customs. The indifferent, scoffing freshman of yesterday becomes the responsible, self-sacrificing senior of today. We who have undergone this transformation ourselves will always remember the spirit of United College with gratitude and respect.

It is often said that the natural temper of our minds today is scientific. It is the attitude of mind which holds that man's primary concern must be with the demonstrable truths of science. What this attitude leads to, on a lower level, is to a preoccupation with things rather than values. On its lowest level it ends in complete materialism. Now it is true that man has always found it necessary to cope with the physical exigencies of life before anything else, but with the development of modern technology this emphasis on material things has become overwhelming.

As students of the humanities we have learned that the truths of science, valuable as they are, cannot be regarded as the sum total of truth. There are certain moral, aesthetic, and spiritual truths which transcend those of science. We cannot ignore the fact that the truths of art and religion are absolutely essential to an understanding of man in his universe. I. A. Richards defines the difference between science and art this way: "Science measures and predicts,

but art evaluates". What art evaluates is human experience, and it can only—by definition—evaluate in terms of values. In our study of literature, history, philosophy and religion we have learned how to evaluate human experience, how to deal with the eternal truths which cannot be measured by any scientific yardstick.

It is the function of a liberal arts college to perpetuate these vital truths, these values that form the core of the humanities, to perpetuate them in the midst of an increasingly materialistic society. Year after year colleges like United send into society young people who have been equipped to act as evaluators in society. If we, the Graduates of '56, do not feel equipped to do this, then our years at United have been largely wasted—and the good jobs we may hold down in future will not vitiate that fact.

We have now received the benefits of the educational ideal for which this College is maintained. Henceforth our main obligation will be to society as a whole. But let us not forget that we have a future obligation to the College too. Our responsibility for the future of United College will not cease the moment we turn in our locker keys for the last time at the end of April. It will be our duty to continue to give the College all the support we can, in order to ensure that future generations of young Manitobans will have the same educational opportunity we ourselves enjoyed.

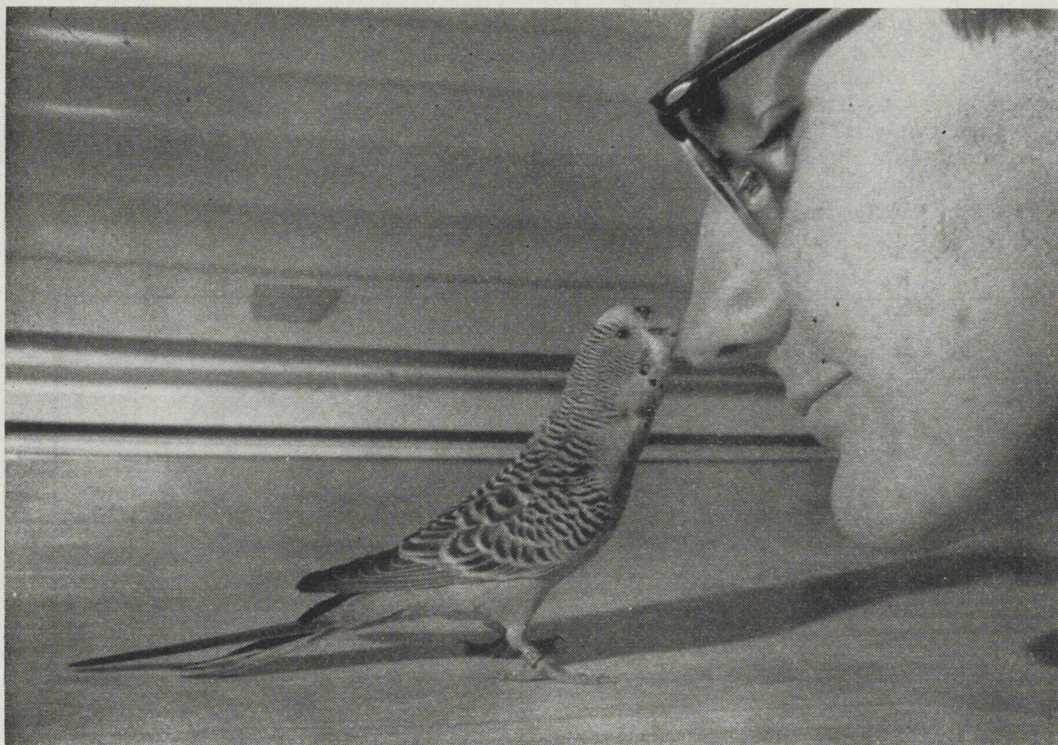
And now, on behalf of the Class of '56, I would like to deliver our tribute to the Faculty of the College, without whose sincere devotion and high ability the educational ideal about which I have been speaking could never be realized. To Dr. Lockhart we say:

Sir, you have already, in one short academic session impressed us with your geniality, your sincerity and your competence to an extent we could not have anticipated last September. We are even proud to see you down in Tony's for coffee or lunch occasionally. It is comforting to know that you have found the pulse of the student body so quickly, although you, yourself, might have been more gratified to find that pulse in the library.

And to the rest of the Faculty we express our sincere appreciation for the patience, the interest and candor with which you have guided us.

Finally, I would like to say this: It would be a mistake for the members of this graduating class to assume that we are now educated persons, superior to the general run of mankind. Snobs are usually given short rift on the other side of the threshold. And the body of precise knowledge that we have worked up in our three or four years of college will not stay with us long in the workday world unless it is constantly replenished. Let us resolve then not to stop reading when we leave college; let us think of our college courses as forming the mere skeleton which must be fleshed out after our formal education has been completed.

The man who begins to neglect the best in litera-



1st Prize Photography

ERIC LUBOSCH



2nd Prize

ERIC LUBOSCH



3rd Prize

RON BASHFORD

"Gee what a life!"

ture, art and music because he is preoccupied exclusively with the world in which he takes his meals, is the man who will quickly lose his capacity for the kind of evaluation I have mentioned. As Alfred North Whitehead said: "Wisdom is the fruit of a balanced development". And that balanced development can come about only if practical concerns are balanced by the habit of art—that is, the habit of enjoying vivid

values. Art, and above all religion, will lead you to the kind of vision that will inspire you to worship. So unless you can remain entirely satisfied with a life devoid of values, you will find it necessary to worship something—somewhere. And as graduates of a liberal arts college you will want to make certain that that something is worthy of your worship.

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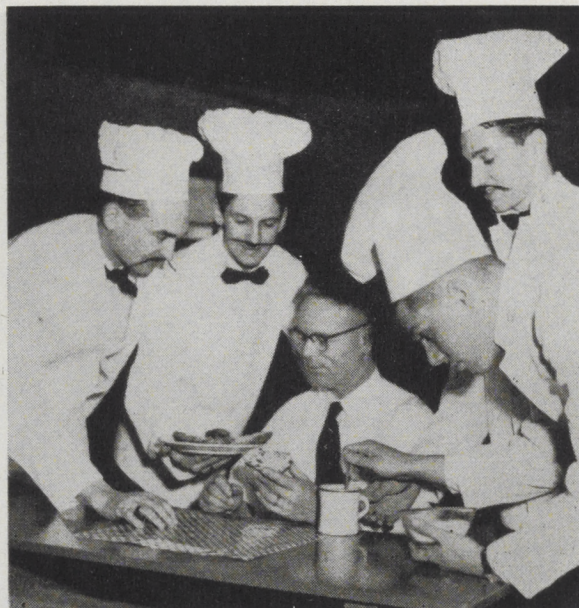
Collegiate started the fall term by having its annual "Get-Together Social." Here the students met Dave Blostein, and Marge Laycock, Dr. Lockhart, and learned the United College Yell and Song.

The highlight of the fall term was the Collegiate Initiation Dinner and Dance held at the Roseland Gardens. The first half of the evening was reserved for the dinner and after-dinner speeches and dancing for the latter half. During intermission entertainment was supplied by several collegiate students and the football team.

In the New Year religious classes were taken by the Grade XI and XII students. "Basic Principles of Christianity" was conducted by Dr. Lockhart and "The Sermon on the Mount" was led by C. J. Robson. The students who attended the required number of classes will receive at graduation a Christian Leadership Education Certificate; in each case from the particular church to which the student belongs.

On February 27, Collegiate students and faculty took the day off to go curling at the Granite rink. Each student participated even if he or she had never curled before. It turned out to be a great success with everyone having aches and pains the following day.

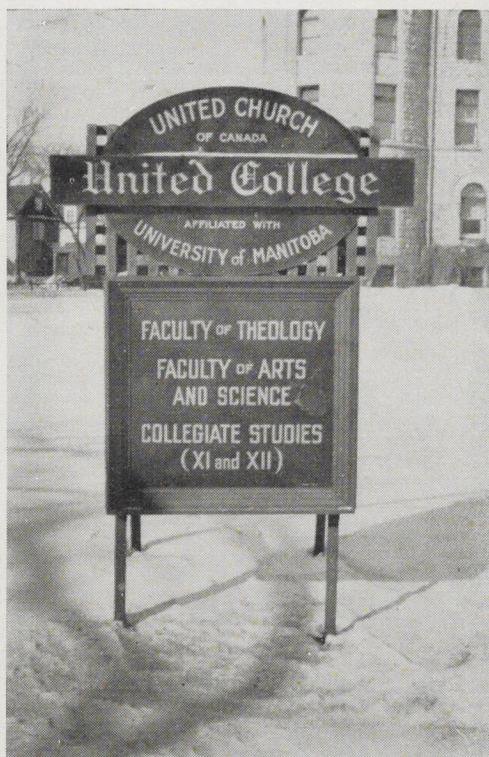
Just as great a success was the inauguration of Collegiate participation in the inter-house debates at the College.



Tony's, heart of U.C.

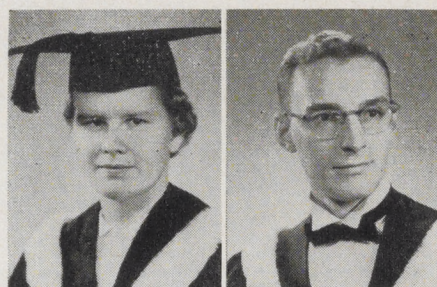
FOURTH YEAR GRADUATING CLASS

1956





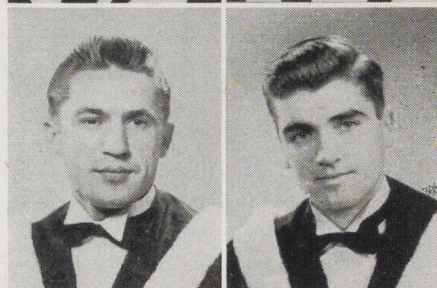
DAVID A. BLOSTEIN,
Senior Stick
MARJORIE LAYCOCK,
Lady Stick



DOREEN M. DELMAGE
JOHN G. DUFFY



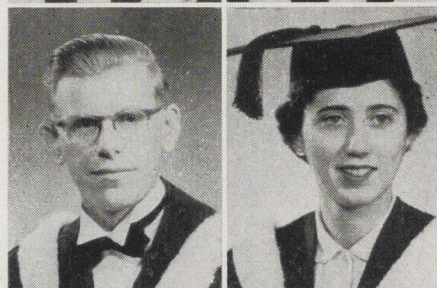
TANNIS ARBUCKLE
HARRY D. BACKEWICH



LEONARD EICHLER
HENRI J. ENNS



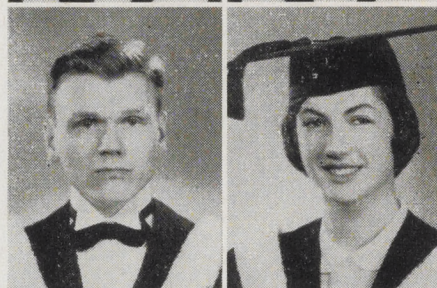
BEVERLEY A. BASHFORD
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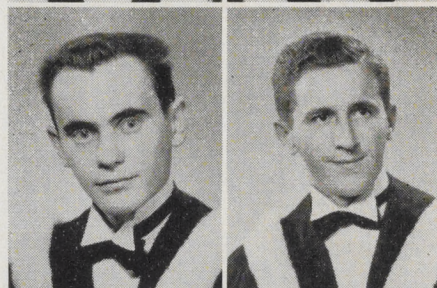
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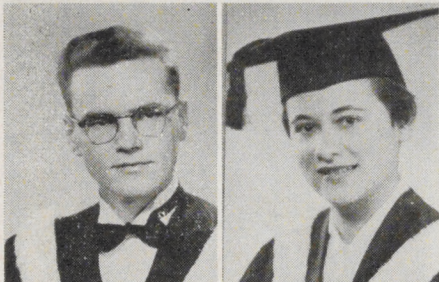
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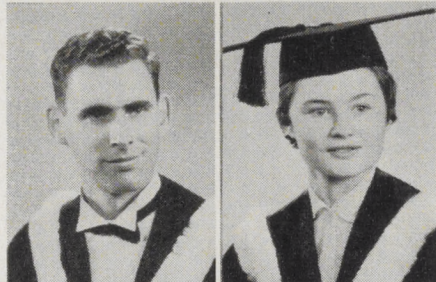
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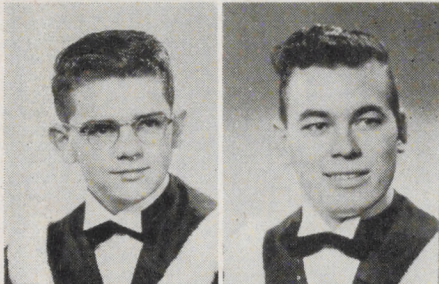
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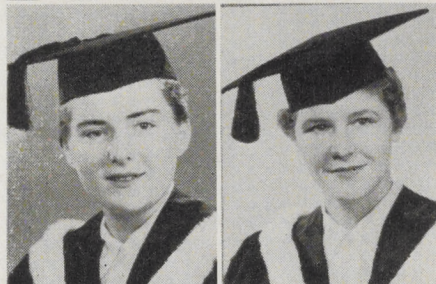
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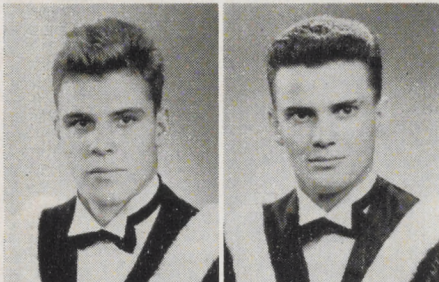
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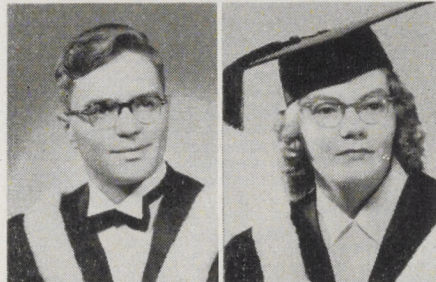
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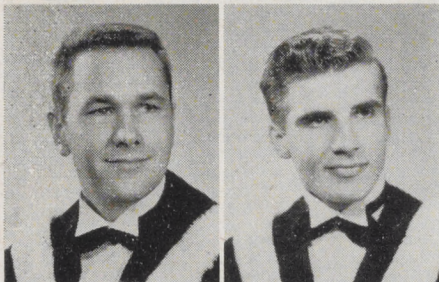
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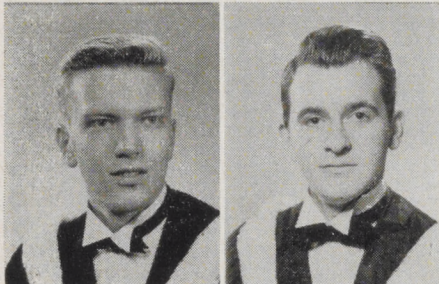
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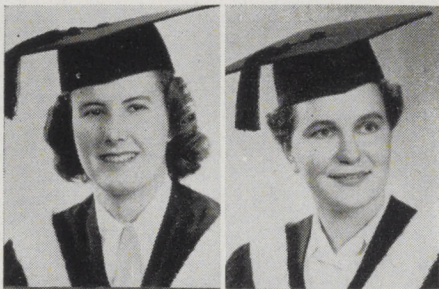
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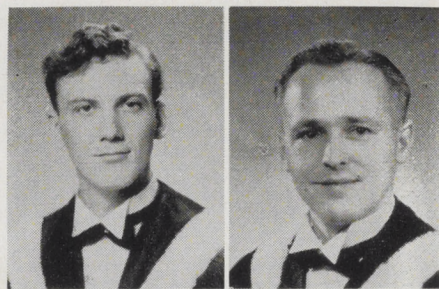
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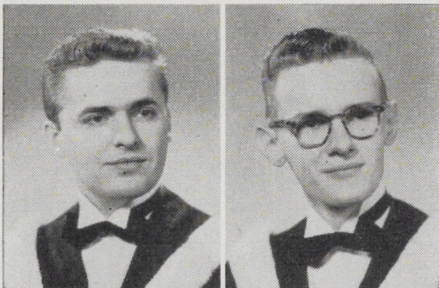
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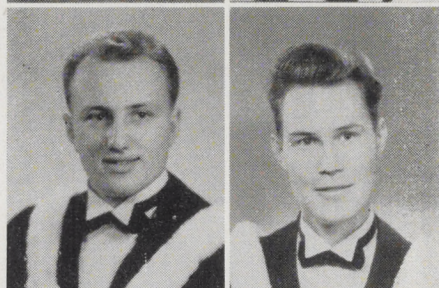
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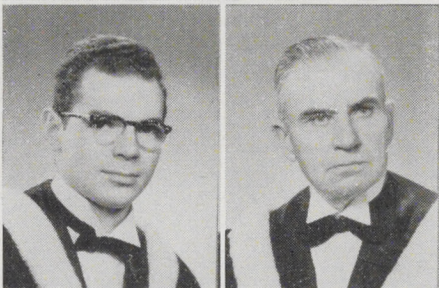
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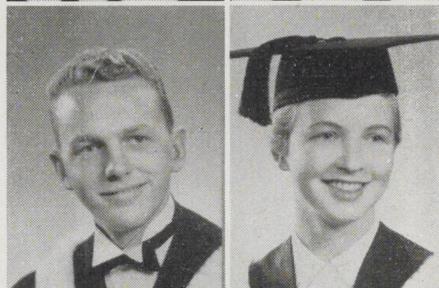
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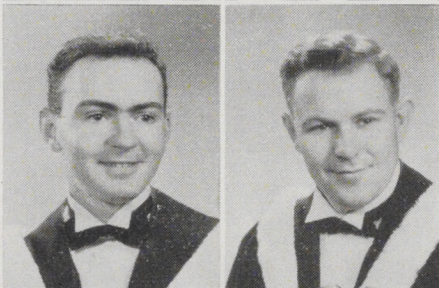
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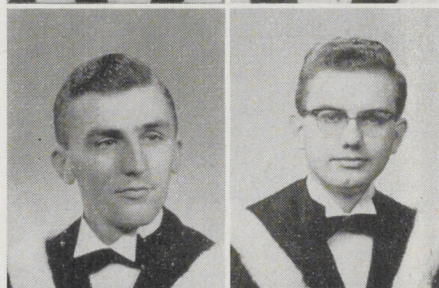
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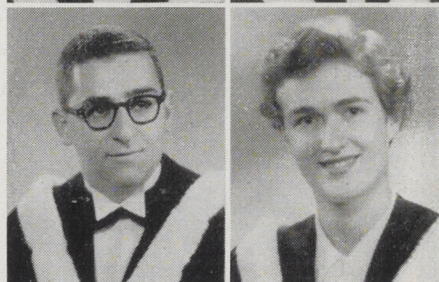
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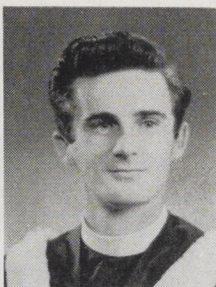
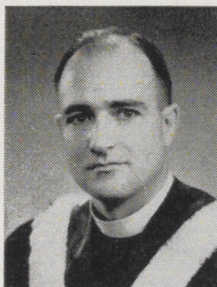


LARRY ZOLF
FRANCES MACFARLAND

THEOLOGY — 1956 — GRADS

KENNETH B. CLARKSON, B.A.,
Manor, Sask.

Residence man at United. Served with R.A.F. in Nfld. during war; with T.C.A. in Labrador, Moncton and Bermuda during summers in Arts. Student Minister at Old St. Andrews and Pipestone. Interests include choir-singing, color photography and amateur radio.

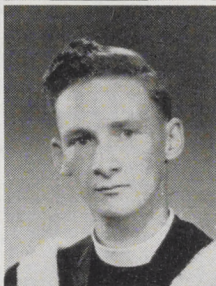


WILLIAM L. HOWIE, B.A.,
The Pas. Man.

Theology's Navy man. Served several summers with U.N.T.D. Residence man before his marriage. Student Minister at Ochre River, Otterburne and Domain. Future: B.C. coastal missions.

ANGUS McCOLL,
Arden, Man.

Originally from Guelph, Ontario. Served in the R.C.A.F., then came to United for Arts II B and Theology. High Priest in final year. Married and serving the Arden charge.

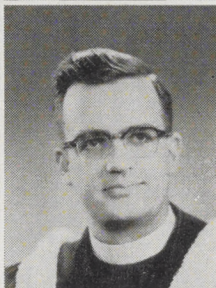


FRASER MULDREW, B.A.,
Winnipeg, Man.

Very versatile sportsman and entertainer. Contributed much to Y.P.U., S.C.M. and United Church Fresh Air Camps. Served as student minister at Grandview, Portage and Norwood.

BARRY R. POGUE, B.A.,
Bagot, Man.

"Pogo." Active in Residence activities and curling. Student minister at Robertson House, Snow Lake and Mather.



D. BLAIN THIERRY, B.A.,
Minnedosa, Man.

School teacher one year, then studied at B.C.'s Naramata C.L.T.S. His student preaching was in City Missions, Clanwilliam and Saskatchewan. Active in Residence and S.C.M.

WILLIAM L. WHETTER,
Dand, Man.

Successful farmer turned minister. Married with daughters. Served preaching points in Saskatchewan, Carrol and Birtle.



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